

Lincoln

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Grand Army Flag Day
Rhode Island



February Twelfth

1909

Lincoln Centenary

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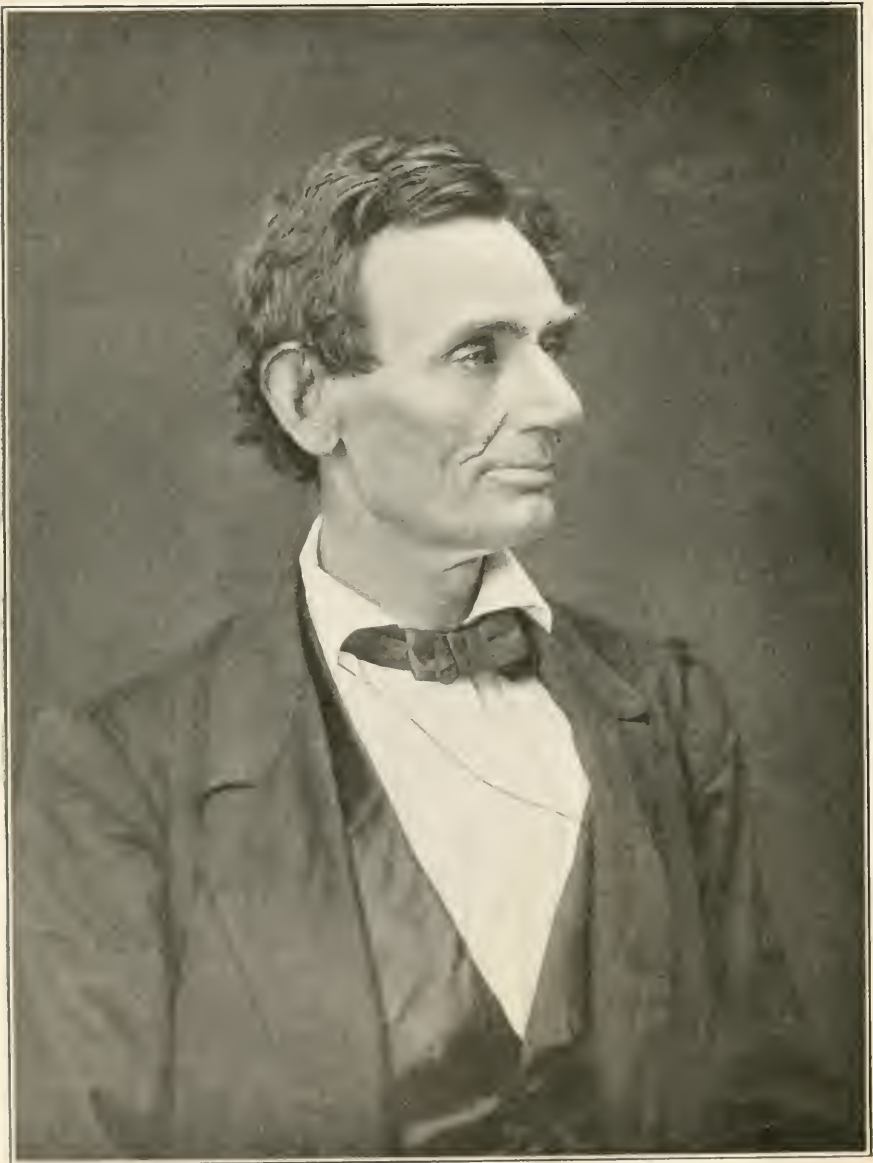
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ABRAHAM LINCOLN IN 1860.

State of Rhode Island.

Department of Education.

COMMISSIONER'S MESSAGE.

In keeping Grand Army Flag Day in Rhode Island for 1909 we commemorate the one hundredth anniversary of Abraham Lincoln's birth. Among school celebrations has never occurred a more significant event, a more inspiring opportunity, or a worthier memorial; for our martyred Lincoln has become, for the youth of America, the "epitome of Americanism," the bond of American patriotism, the incarnation of American civic ideals. For the worthy observance of the Lincoln Centenary may we receive inspiration from the knowledge that on this day the Republic's patriot army of the future has mustered for its country's service in his name and under the old flag, and from the faith that the children and youth of Rhode Island, with the young patriots of sister states, will honor his memory, cherish his ideals, and maintain the principles of his life with the same patriotic devotion as animated their fathers who supported his purposes at home, in camp, and on the battlefield.

May every pupil in our schools have a share in the observance of this day and feel that in his tribute of word or song he is acting the part of a grateful and loyal citizen of our great country. Costly monuments and eloquent memorials express the grateful affection and reverent honor of the Republic for Abraham Lincoln; but there can be no finer tribute, no purer honor, no sweeter reverence, than that arising from the hearts of America's school children.

A study of Lincoln's life is a study of the American people—their beliefs, ideals, achievements, and humble beginnings. He is the best expression of American democracy. His life is the best exposition of American history. In him were incarnate our great national principles of freedom, fraternity, equality. In him were the virtues that make a people great—truth, justice and faith, humility, mercy and charity. His confidence in the people was hardly less than his belief in the right. So great was his faith in the power of righteousness in human affairs that he never wavered in his belief in a government by the people. So long as the name of Lincoln shall be revered faith in popular government will abide in human hearts and hope will brighten the humblest lot.

Few may aspire to the greatness of Lincoln, but the humblest child may become like him in traits of personality that contributed to his power and have endeared

him to all good people. In growing into the likeness of the great and good Lincoln we must become more gentle, kind and thoughtful, more patient, helpful and diligent, more reverent, obedient and loyal. Like him we may labor, and even suffer, for our neighbor, our country, and our God.

If ethical values are measured by personal cost, what shall be the appraisal of Lincoln's moral worth? From birth to death he paid the price of suffering, in the hardships of childhood, the struggles of youth, the toil of age, the misunderstanding, hate and villification of his opponents, his grief for a divided country, his sorrow for darkened homes, and his final martyrdom. He, too, was "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief."

"The weary form, that rested not,
Save in a martyr's grave;
The care-worn face that none forgot,
Turned to the kneeling slave.

"We rest in peace, where his sad eyes
Saw peril, strife, and pain;
His was the awful sacrifice,
And ours the priceless gain."

Among the lessons that pupils may learn from Lincoln's life may they not miss the great truth, exemplified in him, that personal sacrifice and endurance are the price of high moral worth and the power of service.

"Heroic soul, in homely garb half hid,
Sincere, sagacious, melancholy, quaint,
What he endured, no less than what he did,
Has reared his monument and crowned him saint."

Walter E. Ranger

Commissioner of Public Schools.

"A blend of mirth and sadness, smiles and tears,
A quaint knight errant of the pioneers
A homely hero born of star and sod;
A peasant prince; a masterpiece of God."



PROGRAM.

Song

SALUTE TO THE FLAG

COMMISSIONER'S MESSAGE

Song

RHODE ISLAND'S TRIBUTE TO LINCOLN

Song

TRIBUTES TO LINCOLN

Song

WORDS OF LINCOLN

Song

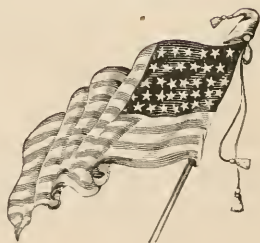
LIFE OF LINCOLN

Song

STORIES OF LINCOLN

BRIEF ADDRESSES

Song



I.

RHODE ISLAND'S TRIBUTE TO LINCOLN.

[Contributed by citizens expressly for the observance of the Lincoln Centenary in the schools of Rhode Island.]

To-day an enlightened and prosperous American citizenship, blest with the fullness of learning and culture, halts in its irresistible onward march to bow in deferential homage to the lofty patriotism and magnificent spirit of Abraham Lincoln. Surmounting obstacles of birth and poverty beyond the comprehension of the present age, setting a new standard for American ideals, and standing valiantly by the colors he implanted thereon until there was firmly welded the Union we glorify to-day, the martyred President, on this centenary of his birth, speaks from the tomb living lessons of loyalty, steadfastness, and indomitable devotion to duty—lessons which the youth of the land must learn, that this great Republic may endure.

Aram J. Pothier, Governor of Rhode Island.

Abraham Lincoln's life was as complete as is ever vouchsafed to the life of any human being to be. Only one Person could in fact utter the words "it is finished," and that a divine Person as well as human. But there seemed nothing lacking when Lincoln's life went out. He was brought into being for a purpose, a cause. He lived and died for that cause. He was a martyr just in the same sense that we look upon the early Christians as martyrs. They were divine instruments, and so was Lincoln a divine instrument. The fruit of the spirit was no more visible in the life work of those who died that Christianity might live than in the work of Lincoln that a republic might live and human freedom be established forever therein. The Bible, the Declaration of Independence, and the life of George Washington were Lincoln's inspiration and his guides. He was at once a type of Old Testament characters, like Elijah and Solomon, and of New Testament characters, like Paul and John. He was courageous, yet gentle; he was bold, yet meek. He performed the lion's task with the meekness of a dove. To Lincoln there could be no permanent government one half slave and one-half free, no more than to Paul, the apostle

to the Gentiles, could the church of Christ be at one and the same time composed of children of Agar, the bondwoman, and of Sara, the free. Paul's preaching and work was to the end that all men might enjoy the freedom wherewith Christ had clothed them. Lincoln's life work was to make the Declaration of Independence a reality. To make this a free country in deed as well as in name, to establish human freedom, to preserve the Union, and to perpetuate this republic were Lincoln's aims and accomplishments. In order to do these great things Lincoln found himself in opposition to many of his fellow countrymen; but he loved even his enemies, and to-day those who were his enemies have learned to love him. He had charity for all and malice towards none, and in this same spirit Southern statesmen on the anniversary of Lincoln's birthday are found extolling his virtues among their fellow countrymen of the north.

Recently a high authority stated that Lincoln was not attached to any religious sect or creed. Other authority has stated that he was a Methodist. But be that as it may, he evidently lived in close communion with the Divine Ruler of Nations. He possessed attributes that were divine. His life work could not have been so complete and successful without divine interposition. Love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance—the fruits of the spirit—were plainly evident in all his ways. The fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man were his tenets. He had faith, that could remove mountains, in a divinity that was shaping his destiny and that of the American republic, and the love he felt for his fellow men was a moving and living force within his wonderful nature that found outward expression in many simple ways.

Abraham Lincoln was great because he was meek, because he was honest, because he was good, because he suffered for others. "His life was gentle and the elements so mixed in him that nature might stand up and say to all the world, 'This was a man.'"

Adin B. Capron, Representative in Congress.

I regard the observance of Flag Day by the public schools of the State as of vital importance. It presents a fitting occasion to dwell on the life and character of Abraham Lincoln, the purest patriot and wisest statesman our country has ever known. His love of liberty, of truth and justice, and his battle for the rights of the oppressed will ever live in the world's history.

It also presents an excellent opportunity to instill in the minds of youth the principles underlying our system of government, to impress them with the importance of our country, to stimulate their pride, and to imbue them with a loyal and patriotic spirit.

Walter A. Read, General Treasurer.

The school children of Rhode Island have on this occasion a most unusual opportunity for a manifestation of appreciation of Abraham Lincoln. I have often remarked that the selection of February 12th for the celebration of Flag Day was a happy one. Never before has it appeared more felicitous than to-day. One hundred years ago Abraham Lincoln, the greatest of all Americans, next to Washington, was born. His life and career are perhaps as typically American as those of any man the Republic has ever produced. He exemplified in every respect what we are proud to proclaim as the representative American virtues, simplicity of manner, energy, integrity, frankness, patience, and wit. His struggle for success is the greatest inspiration that can possibly be held out to the American youth. Lincoln showed, more than any other American, the possibilities of this Republic. From the humblest walk of life, by his own intrinsic merit, he won his way to the highest office in the world. Well indeed may Rhode Island and all America turn to Lincoln's career to-day and, united in happy accord, praise and honor this good man. He, more than any other, preserved the Flag for American posterity. May his memory remain ever green. May his words and his example be ever an incentive to American youth and a source of pride to all the nations of the world.

Ex-Governor James H. Higgins.

The controlling motive in the life of Abraham Lincoln was loyalty. In his younger days he was loyal to himself by making the best possible use of the few opportunities that were his. In his middle life he was loyal to his convictions of public and private duty, by defending or advocating them. In his last years he was loyal to his country and to the world by carrying the great responsibilities of public leadership with perfect mastery of himself and with a life that had in it malice for none and charity for all.

Ex-Governor George H. Utter.

Only in so far as the boys and girls in our schools acquire principles that make for good citizenship, are these institutions effective as patriotic agents.

To cry "Hurrah!" and to doff the hat or wave the handkerchief as the Stars and Stripes flutter in the breeze and bands play heart-stirring music is not enough.

True patriotism, as exemplified in good citizenship, means a readiness, not alone to march into battles at the call of our country, noble though that is, but to face other and perhaps far more insidious foes than those behind cannon or charging bayonets. In striking a higher note, patriotism means a willingness to sacrifice self-interest and complacent ease in the cause of civic righteousness. Going far beyond a natural hatred for a traitor to his nation, it attacks corruption in national, state, and city affairs, and sets itself like a flint against municipal graft and corporate greed.

In short, it is the concrete embodiment of the principles enunciated in the Golden Rule

Henry Fletcher, Mayor of Providence.

From Veterans who knew Lincoln.

Forty-seven years ago Abraham Lincoln, then president of the United States, visited a camp of Rhode Island Volunteers, at Washington, for the purpose of assisting us in the presentation of a set of regimental colors. I was at the time a second lieutenant in the regiment, and it fell to my lot to receive the colors. As the flags were put into my hands, President Lincoln said: "*Young man, guard these colors as you would the honor of your mother. Fight for them, and, if needs be, die for them, for should they fall, free government will disappear from off the earth; injustice and oppression will continue to reign; right, liberty, and peace will have no abiding place among us.*"

Thirty-seven years later, when the manhood of Rhode Island and of the nation burned with patriotic fervor to make Cuba free, I, as an "Old Soldier," had the honor of bearing and presenting to Rhode Island's soldiers of the Spanish War the dear old Stars and Stripes, under whose folds so many Rhode Island men marched and fought during the long years of the great Civil War. With the words of the great Lincoln, I presented the colors to the First Rhode Island, United States Volunteer Infantry, mustered at Quonset Point, and gave Godspeed to men and officers about to march forth to meet toil and danger in the service of their country.

Again, on the one hundredth anniversary of Lincoln's birth, do I hold aloft our country's flag and present to the youth of Rhode Island his stirring words, still ringing in my ears and still dear to my heart. Again, to youth mustering for life's campaign of civic duty, whether for peace or war, let me say: March forth to fight the battles of our country, fearing God only; and may victory and honor be yours in full measure wherever you may go.—*Gen. William Ames, Past Dep't Com'd'r, G. A. R.*

In common with all who are familiar with the life of Abraham Lincoln, I regard him as one of the greatest figures in American history. Considering the admiration I feel for his character it is a source of pleasure to remember that I once shook hands with him even though all the details of that meeting were not as vividly impressed upon my mind as doubtless they would have been had I been of more mature age. The incident happened in Railroad Hall, in this city. Following the noted debate in Illinois between Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas, the former was in great demand as a speaker by the organizations of his political party all over the country. In this way he came to Providence, and my father drove from Apponaug to hear him, taking me with him. The hall, which the older people will remember was in the old depot, was the largest in the city at that time. It was packed to overflowing, and after the speaking Lincoln held a reception. My father took me with him when he got in the line formed of those who wished to meet Lincoln. I was a rather small boy, perhaps 15 years of age, and naturally my impressions were in accordance. I distinctly remember saying to my father, after we had passed along: "What an awfully big hand that man has." Certainly his mental powers were as tremendous as his physical forces then seemed to me. His fame grows with the years.—*Gen. Charles R. Brayton, Past Dep't Com'd'r, G. A. R.*

Abraham Lincoln put his trust in God and never deviated from the paths of rectitude and civic righteousness.

He was honest in his personal and public life.

He loved his fellow men and gave freedom to those in bondage.

Therefore the people trusted him, had confidence in his integrity, and now revere his memory.

His life is an inspiration to the youth of our country.

Gen. Elisha H. Rhodes, Past Senior Vice Commander-in-Chief, G. A. R.

Among the great men in the history of our country, the two who stand first in achievement and honor are Washington and Lincoln. Upon them had fallen the task of leading the nation through new and rugged paths to noble and great results.

Under Washington the nation was brought into existence. Under Lincoln it was firmly established and purified from the taint of slavery.

Both were great men who showed their greatness in simply doing faithfully the tasks that fell to them to do. There was, however, a great difference in their advantages in early life. Washington was reared amid comfortable surroundings and received a good education. Lincoln was born in poverty and had only such education as he could gather, for the most part, by himself. He overcame the great odds against him and stands out the foremost man in our history. The story of his life work is one of ambition, endurance, faithfulness, and success. His was a true manhood because it was honest, earnest, and unselfish. Beloved in life, the pathos of his tragic death has drawn our hearts to him in tender memory, and we all unite in revering him as the greatest of Americans.

John H. Stiness, Ex-Chief Justice of the Supreme Court.

It seems really unnecessary to contribute to the Lincoln Centenary any patriotic sentiment, for the name of Lincoln, his life and achievements, are all an inspiration to patriotic endeavors, and to honorable and righteous civic service.

Colonel Robert H. I. Goddard,

It is a privilege to be allowed to say a word to the school children of the State on the Centenary of President Lincoln. Fifty-eight years ago I was graduated from the Providence High School, and have never ceased to be thankful that I was brought up in a State that furnishes to all its children a free education. It was a fine thought of our rulers that placed before each schoolhouse a flagstaff where the national colors can be displayed on all public occasions. Surely it is especially fitting that even the youngest child should learn his first lessons in patriotism and duty beneath the folds of that flag which stands for so much to all of us. Sometimes it seems to me that only those who have stood in imminent peril under our banner can feel that intense thrill which the sight of "Old Glory" brings to all true soldiers, but that feeling I know was shared by President Lincoln, who was always

in close touch with the soldiers who stood by the flag. Two days after the battle of Bull Run he came to Camp Sprague to talk with us, and he asked that the flag should be brought to him that he might see the holes which the bullets of the enemy had made in its folds. It was my good fortune to meet Mr. Lincoln a number of times, and, like every one else who came in contact with him, I was deeply impressed. His tall, gaunt figure, awkward gait, and homely manners contrasted strangely with the more polished appearance of the members of his cabinet, one of whom generally accompanied him, but in his patient, deep-set eyes could be read that innate kindness of heart which endeared him to all who met him. Surely in his Gettysburg speech the words "with malice towards none" came direct from his heart. He bore, as if his own, all the sorrows of a struggling, suffering people, and when at the last he was torn from them in the hour of their victory and triumph, there was no thought of hatred or revenge in his heart, but only the ardent wish to bind up the wounds of the war, and the patriotic desire to cement anew the broken fragments of our country into a united nation. There is no nobler figure in our country's history, nor one more worthy the emulation of our children.

General Charles H. Merriman.

To the children in the public schools and to the veterans of the Civil War, whom they delight to honor, Flag Day is looked forward to with great interest and pleasure.

It is gratifying to see the spirit with which the children enter into this celebration. To the veteran, Flag Day brings memories of the great conflict between the blue and the gray, in which men fought as only men fight who believe in the justice of their cause.

The courage and endurance of the American soldier was equally shown on many a battlefield.

The battle flags of the Rhode Island regiments in the war are now placed in our capitol, where they will for all time be carefully guarded.

"Tattered and torn those bullet-holes tell
How bravely they fought, how nobly they fell."

On the twelfth of February, nineteen hundred and nine, the one hundredth birthday of Abraham Lincoln will be commemorated in the State of Rhode Island and in many other states of the Union.

It is appropriate that the day fixed upon as Flag Day should be the birthday of Lincoln.

On that day let President Lincoln's speech at Gettysburg be read in all our public schools. Let the children listen to the words of the man born in a cabin in the western wilds, who, without the advantages of an early education, rose to the highest position in the gift of the American people.

Let the children be encouraged to study the life of the greatest American President save Washington. Abraham Lincoln saved the Union from dismemberment,

abolished slavery, and liberated from bondage four millions of slaves. As President he safely carried the country through the Civil War, which ensued immediately upon his inauguration, and, supported by the brave and gallant soldiers of the Union, he overcame its enemies and restored the old Flag to its rightful place in all sections of the country.

We are a reunited people. The North, the South, the East, the West, all share with each other in the great prosperity which our country enjoys.

President Lincoln was not permitted to see the result of his labors. That kindly heart which beat for all mankind suddenly became hushed in death. Joy at the successful termination of the Civil War was changed to mourning, and the nation was bowed in deepest grief.

My impression of Lincoln never changed after first meeting with him. One seemed to feel at ease the moment he grasped his hand. While he spoke freely, it was impossible to penetrate his thoughts. He did not draw his inspirations from those around him, but from the Source of All Power. He was a "column of his own height," and towered above all his fellows.

"As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though 'round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head."

*Colonel Samuel A. Pearce, President Republican Pioneer Club.**

Flag Day, February 12th, 1909, we celebrate the centenary of the birth of the immortal Lincoln, the emancipator and savior of this nation, the ideal patriot, the true type of an American citizen. During the dark days of the rebellion he was commander-in-chief of an army of 2,778,304 volunteers. Recent study of the war records show that 2,159,798 of that army were patriotic young men under the age of twenty-one years, who answered his call for defenders of our flag, to preserve it intact and our Union undivided. January 1st, 1863, he signed that immortal document that made over three million slaves free and this Republic in reality "the land of the free." November 19, 1863, forty-five years ago, he made that remarkable address at Gettysburg which has become one of the greatest of classics. Our nation then entered upon its "new birth of freedom," and our Republic has steadily progressed until we have become the leading nation among the nations of the world, the greatest and most humanity-loving people on the face of the earth. The future destiny of our country lies in the patriotism of our youth. Let them be taught true patriotism and understand what the American flag means and stands for: a good and righteous government; honesty in public affairs; the frowning down of everything that will tend to disgrace or dishonor that grand old flag whose starry folds are our nation's standard, and which cost so many precious lives to preserve; the understanding that character, noble aspirations, and good principles go to make up good American citizens, feeling proud to bear the name of American. A nation

* Includes as members only those who voted for Lincoln for President.

whose rulers are God-fearing, patriotic, loving country better than life, and willing to sacrifice their lives for it if need be, will "never perish from the earth," and that army of young men who gave their lives in 1861-65 that we might enjoy the blessings of living under a flag whose bright stars and stripes proclaim a land of free-men will not have sacrificed their lives in vain.

"With malice toward none, with charity for all, let us go forward with our work as God gives us to see the right." "That a government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth."

William O. Milne, Department Commander, G. A. R.

The anniversary of Lincoln's birth, February twelve, has for years, to the Civil War veteran, been a day of especial interest.

Since the General Assembly of our State settled upon it as Grand Army Flag Day, I have often wished that the programs prepared for the schools, for Lincoln's Birthday, might contain a picture of him that would satisfy the veterans who had met this grand leader of the nation from 1861 to 1865, as thousands did. Few of them ever forgot the genial, neighborly handshake he had for all who came in response to his call for troops. Surrounded as he was by treason and secession and spies watching and listening at every corner, he appreciated the prompt response of the loyal north. The troops that arrived early in Washington had a better opportunity to see him face to face than those troops that arrived later and were more widely scattered.

The First R. I. Regiment and Battery, that occupied Camp Sprague in 1861, were privileged with many visits from Mr. Lincoln, who came for many weeks and witnessed the dress parade on Sunday evenings, always joining with them in singing the doxology, accompanied by Greene's Band; after this he shook hands with all who came within his reach. His eyes were very expressive when speaking; that, and his smile, fails to appear in his pictures.

Paul M. Barber.

A face you could not forget, a look of assurance that made you at home in his presence, a hand grasp that mingled strength and gentleness, and reminded a boy soldier of father and mother and home, and sent him into the conflict with hope and courage: these, and an indefinable influence that emanates from such immortals, always flash upon me at the mention or thought of his name.*

Rev. John Hale Larry, D. D., Pastor Edgewood Congregational Church.

* In sending his tribute to Lincoln, Mr. Larry writes as follows: "You will not wonder at my interest in the coming Lincoln Birthday celebration when I tell you that I enjoyed the hand grasp of our 'Great Commoner' when I was a lad just getting out of my teens; was acting adjutant of the fort named for him, saw him at the White House an hour before he was shot, and had charge of the squad that drove Payne into the arms of a detective at the house of Mrs. Surratt."

The inspiration of high citizenship must ever emanate from the life of Abraham Lincoln. He has been called "The First American," and it is fitting that his noble, unselfish career, which earned for him that title, should be impressed upon the minds of the young.

Each year reveals with distinctive clearness his wonderful strength of character, combined with a rare beauty of spirit.

His closing words on March 4, 1865, in his second inaugural address—"with malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right"—could well form the important part of the creed of the American Commonwealths.

Mrs. Richard Jackson Barker, Ex-Vice-President General National Society Daughters of the American Revolution. Recording Secretary of the National Society Daughters of the American Revolution Committee on Patriotic Education.

"It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us." Thus spoke the savior of his country in the day of battle. To us, too, parents and children, the message comes with equal authority. For the same great task is still before us, while the battle is with ourselves, with our fretful impatience of restraint; with the weakening of discipline in the home, the church, and the school; with the translating of liberty into license. For liberty does not abolish restraint; true liberty simply translates *restraint from without* into *obligation from within*. To be free one must have learned to govern himself. The indispensable basis of free popular government is self-government in the individual. Sure and swift is the downfall of the free state when intelligence and self-control fail among the people.

Oh, let the spirit of the Gettysburg message take deep hold upon us all—"That the government of the people, by the people, for the people, may not perish from the earth."

Howard Edwards, President Rhode Island College.

The story of Lincoln's life should have a place in every school year. We cannot afford to miss from a single year the inspiration of his rugged strength and of his sterling integrity.

John L. Alger, Principal of the Rhode Island Normal School.

In the one hundred years since the twelfth day of February, 1809, there is perhaps no finer example of a simple and noble life than that of Abraham Lincoln. The story of his humble beginnings, his growth, his struggles, his rise and his achievements, is always interesting and instructive, and shows not only the great possibilities of our American life, but also what wonders industry, perseverance, and faithful devotion to work and duty can perform. Here was a poor lad from the backwoods,

who became successively a boatman, a woodchopper, a laborer, a clerk, a captain of volunteers, a surveyor, a lawyer, a legislator, an orator, a statesman, and president of the republic. It was not alone his ability to overcome obstacles, but his lofty character, honesty, and high moral principles, that gave Abraham Lincoln a place in history. During all the exciting and cruel experiences of the civil war there was no bigger and kinder soul than his in all the land. He loved his country and all the people in it, and made their good and welfare his chief concern. Such a man is well honored by the nation on the anniversary of his birth, and his memory deserves to be perpetuated. His life is an inspiration to the boys and girls of our public schools to cultivate his virtues, his manliness of spirit, his patriotism, and his devotion to country.

Frederick Rueckert, President of the School Committee of Providence.

The best history is found in biography; the best heroes are found in biography; the best inspiration is found in biography; and no biography can furnish so much history, such a hero, and so great an inspiration as the life of Lincoln. A plain man from the plain people, self-educated, he had a simplicity, a faith, a power which enabled him to stand in the greatest breach in our country's history, and to save it from disruption.

Walter H. Small, Superintendent of Schools of Providence.

Lincoln is not great because by sheer force of intellect he got something from his fellows, possessed something called wealth, or enjoyed something as a gift of his countrymen; but he is great because he did that which those who are truly great have always done. The Man of Nazareth came to minister, and ever since His coming the idea of SERVICE has gradually become the standard by which we measure greatness. By this standard we may measure Lincoln, and by it he takes his place among the greatest.

In our short history as a nation—but little more than a century—we have already had two names which not only command the reverence of our own country but of the world. Washington and Lincoln are world names, and therefore with greater satisfaction do we this month celebrate their birthdays. Luckily, too, the careers of these two MEN meet the requirements of greatness in another respect. If the really great are those who impress deeply the succeeding generations, then every recurring February gives proof of the value of these two patriots who lived "skillfully, justly, and magnanimously."

Herbert W. Lull, Superintendent of Schools of Newport.

Grover Cleveland is reported to have said, "I would rather have my boy design and build a Brooklyn Bridge than see him made President of these United States." This great American could only have meant that he valued the possession of courage, energy, the ability to bring great things to pass, far above the mere attainment

of the highest social and civic honors. His words convey a much needed admonition to this materialistic age and this intensely practical nation.

It is precisely because the things of the spirit, heroism, patriotism, whole-souled devotion to the truest welfare of his country and to the elevation of his countrymen's ideals, dominated the character and life of Abraham Lincoln that we should celebrate the anniversary of his birth with reverence and thanksgiving.

Frank O. Draper, Superintendent of Schools of Pawtucket.

America is sometimes called the land of opportunity. It is also the land of glorious deeds, of great men, and noble souls. The story of the rise of this republic, the noble sacrifices of its founders, the brilliant achievements of its men of affairs, the dignity and character of its leaders in literature, in education, and philanthropy, fill us with just pride and admiration, and we wonder if any other nation in the world can equal this record for the same period of time.

Among these illustrious names will forever be inscribed the name of Abraham Lincoln. The twelfth of February should ever be honored by the people of the United States, and especially by the youth of our land, for it was the birthday of an able, honest leader of his people at the darkest hour of their history,—a leader and a man honored among the nations and, as the years go by, held in ever increasing reverence by his countrymen. Let our boys and girls study his life and emulate his virtues, "for he left us as choice a legacy in his Christian example, in his incorruptible integrity, and in his unaffected simplicity, if we will appropriate it, as in his public deeds."

"It is the great boon of such characters as Mr. Lincoln's that they reunite what God has joined together and man has put asunder. In him was vindicated the greatness of real goodness and the goodness of real greatness."—BISHOP PHILLIPS BROOKS.

Frank E. McFee, Superintendent of Schools of Woonsocket.

The American youth of to-day have in the lives of eminent scholars, poets, and statesmen many noble examples of excellence, of beauty, and of power, but no other name carries with it the inspiration to true, honest, noble, self-sacrificing manhood as does the name of Abraham Lincoln.

It is well that we celebrate the centenary of notable events in our country's history, but there has never been and may never be an occasion to do homage to the memory of so great an American citizen as is our privilege to-day.

John G. Ulmer, Superintendent of Schools of Coventry.

It is said that Abraham Lincoln carried the sorrows of a nation in his heart. Still the strongest attributes of his character were courage, hope, and faith.

Valentine Almy, Superintendent of Schools of Cranston.

Lincoln was a prophet—he foretold; he was a seer—he foresaw. He foresaw clearly only a year at a time—one step enough for him, the first martyred president—one step enough for all our martyred presidents. Lincoln foresaw freedom for all children ever to be born in the American Union. He foresaw, not simply a free birth to the dark children of the Union of '65, but a free cradle for the Cubans and fine arts for the Filipinos in the Greater American Union that is ours. His long arms clasped for the bosom of the globe, his large heart longed to heal the brokenhearted of the world. Lincoln gloried in birthdays. He foresaw for every new year a new birth of freedom, a new Union deserving our increased devotion. Then let us to-day, the free children of beloved Rhode Island, stand close together in union and in unison, under the folds of the Greater Union flag, and let us wave the words of our song—a song of patriotic praise for his birth in the dark days and for our birth in the bright days of the Greater American Union, which he saw through a glass darkly, but we see face to face.

Charles C. Richardson, Superintendent of Schools of Cumberland.

To-day, we look upon a man, plain, homely, in everyday clothes, standing among his own people—our countryman. We have joy in contemplating him, for that common man lived his life so grandly that he made America more pleasant for you and me. Greatness was in his clear mind, his generous nature, and his brave, quiet ways.

As a boy he chose to go aboard the ship of truth. When the ship seemed to go down, he did not jump overboard and swim to land. He went down with the ship. He would never leave it. And he was not drowned, because the ship of truth cannot sink. It must always come up again above the waves. And noble men may live upon it alway, if only they be brave and firm, generous and humble.

When in time of war and trouble the country needed a gentle captain of good courage and wise counsel, the people thought of Abraham Lincoln, of heart so sympathetic, of character so beautiful, of judgment so fair, of loyalty to truth so devoted. That he might be their leader, the people made him President of the United States.

J. W. Dows, Superintendent of Schools of East Providence.

We honor Lincoln for the strength and nobility of his character. In early life he encountered difficulties and hardships of the most discouraging nature, yet he courageously met and overcame them by patient perseverance in well-doing.

Lincoln was a dutiful son. His stepmother said of him, "He never gave me a cross word or look, and never refused, in fact or in appearance, to do anything I requested of him."

Lincoln was a diligent student, and with very limited advantages "could never be satisfied on any question till he understood it thoroughly, nor could he give up a difficult problem till he had mastered it."

Lincoln was honest in word and in deed. When urged to support a measure which

he believed to be wrong, he replied—"You may burn my body to ashes and scatter them to the winds of heaven; you may drag down my soul to the regions of darkness and despair to be tormented forever; but you will never get me to support a measure which I believe to be wrong, although by doing so I may accomplish that which I believe to be right."

As a true patriot Lincoln devoted the energies of his noble nature unselfishly and impartially to the advancement of the best interests of his fellow countrymen.

May our children and youth emulate these traits in the character of Lincoln, and learn that the highest possibilities for progress in the world are open to all, however humble their origin.

William H. Starr, Superintendent of Schools of Johnston.

Lincoln undoubtedly was in the truest sense the greatest American statesman of his day. The unwearying patience, the tireless energy and devotion to duty shown from his earliest youth, and the concentration of mind, doubtless largely due to his early training, combined with a heart and soul tormented by the wrongs of slavery and a firm conviction that the nation could not exist half slave and half free, made him the man for the hour.

Let our boys and girls who study Lincoln's work learn the truth which the great Emancipator clearly saw and freely declared, that a great evil cannot exist in a *part* of our country without sapping its life and blighting the *whole*.

Emerson L. Adams, Superintendent of Schools of Lincoln.

The life of Abraham Lincoln, the most interesting figure in our national history, stands forth as an inspiring example to American youth. It teaches that the right sort of ambition and a determined purpose will overcome whatever handicap is involved in lowly birth and dearth of early opportunity; that courage and fidelity to duty, however humble, together with a keen sense of honor, are essential to great achievement; and that the possession of humor and tenderness of heart helps rather than hinders him who has to bear heavy burdens.

Elwood T. Wyman, Superintendent of Schools of Warwick.

"Abe Lincoln never did a mean thing in his life." This homely tribute was paid the great president by a man who as a boy was Lincoln's playfellow. Lincoln never did a mean thing; but, what is far nobler, he always tried to do the right thing. With him the greatest thing in life was to do the right thing.

William H. Holmes, Jr., Superintendent of Schools of Westerly.

Who would have supposed that the awkward youth, Abraham Lincoln, poor and ignorant, with none of the culture of the schools and none of the advantages of social position, would become the second great character of a great nation, capable of commanding its army and navy in one of the greatest of wars, wresting victory from apparent defeat, giving freedom to millions of human beings by the stroke of

his pen, and uttering one of the world's classics at Gettysburg? His humble youth and mature greatness were typical of the nation which he served, and for which he died a martyr's death.

The number of those who remember the days when Lincoln was President is diminishing year by year. None of the youth of to-day can realize the oppressive sadness which filled the hearts of those who heard the news of Lincoln's assassination on that memorable fourteenth of April, 1865. Even the leaders of the Confederacy expressed their indignation, and the whole South soon realized that it had lost its best friend.

Teachers can find few better examples to set before their pupils than that of the man who so patiently bore the wrongs of a race and the sorrows of a nation on his heart, who was so great in his simplicity, who was so sincere and so strong in his moral earnestness that even in their nickname men paid tribute to his honesty.

David W. Hoyt, Principal of English High School of Providence.

Abraham Lincoln is now regarded by historical students everywhere as one of the world's great men.

His Gettysburg speech has been cast in bronze and now hangs on the wall in Oxford College, England, as an example to all students of how much can be said, in English, by a few well-chosen words.

It is a matter of record, however, that Lincoln shrank from delivering that address, as one incapable of meeting the needs of that great occasion.

Ever modest in his estimate of himself and his own powers, he met every emergency with a sagacity and courage that have since become the marvel of mankind.

So unconscious of his own greatness was Lincoln that, had he been asked to give a list of the great men of his time, his own name would never have occurred to him. He would have said, Edwin M. Stanton, my secretary of war, is a great man, and Ulysses S. Grant, the general of the army, is a great man; but I am just a plain, honest citizen, trying to do my duty as God gives me light.

So, then, if we analyze the character of Lincoln and seek to set down the traits that make his name worthy to be placed in the Hall of Fame, we will note his great modesty, always in honor preferring others to himself; his unassuming manner, never seeking to be conspicuous on account of his high office; his rare good judgment; his unbounded sympathy for all mankind; his absolute honesty and purity of heart; his power to make the most of himself and his opportunities, and an unwavering faith in God.

George F. Weston, Principal of Technical High School of Providence.

In my opinion no hour in the course of the school year is more profitably spent than that which celebrates the anniversary of the birthday of Abraham Lincoln. As a statesman, as a patriot, and as a man he possessed the material of which heroes

are made, and it is precisely in this beneficent kind of hero worship that the modern American training of youth is weak.

Charles E. Dennis, Jr., Principal of Hope Street High School of Providence.

The celebration of Lincoln's birthday secures two results: first, it teaches us the meaning of patriotism and self-sacrifice, not as abstract propositions, but as exemplified by a noble man in a great crisis; second, it keeps alive and enables us to give expression to our sense of gratitude to the veterans of the war of the Rebellion. Such a holiday deserves to be a holy day. Let us make it such!

Elmer S. Hosmer, Principal of Pawtucket High School.

I know of no other life in the annals of American history so completely capable of inspiring our boys and young men with the desire to make the best use of their talents as that of ABRAHAM LINCOLN. Simplicity of manner, steadfastness in purpose, utter disregard of superficiality or selfish desire, are characteristics within the comprehension and reach of even the most humble, but which went to make up the greatness of this noble life,

If a young man is misled into thinking that birth, social position, wealth, family influence, or even a college education is necessary for success, let him read the life of ABRAHAM LINCOLN and learn that, in America, perseverance combined with purity and singleness of purpose, qualities within his grasp, made LINCOLN president of the United States, the preserver of our Union, and, above all, that noblest work of God, an HONEST MAN, to whom the whole world pays its homage on this the one hundredth anniversary of his birth.

Amasa A. Holden, Principal of Woonsocket High School.

As the years pass, and the period of the Civil War becomes ancient history, the figure of our Martyr President will tend to assume more and more the character of a hero of a mythical age. Like the Father of his Country, he may come to be regarded as a superior being without any of the faults and weaknesses of common humanity, as one who attained his high place and fame by the possession and employment of superhuman intellectual and moral powers. Without detracting from the genius for statemanship and the wonderful capacity for growth, which were his to the end of his life, we need to remind ourselves that Lincoln prepared himself for his work and performed his invaluable service to the nation by the exercise of those homely virtues and qualities that make men truly great and useful in even the humblest walks of life. One distinguishing characteristic was the thoroughness with which he performed every task, the conscientious, persevering spirit which he brought to every duty. A brief illustration of this is sufficient. His opportunities for schooling were most meagre, but a hunger for knowledge was his ruling passion. While he was learning to read, and to acquire the art of written and spoken discourse, he had discovered that human language had its laws, and that no man could

be called educated if ignorant of them. He was advised to get a grammar and study it. With some difficulty he obtained one, and without assistance applied himself to his new task. Utilizing every spare moment during the day, poring upon his book at night by the light of a wood fire, he succeeded, after months of patient study, in mastering the difficulties of English grammar. It is this quality of thoroughness, this spirit of steady application, that the American youth of to-day most needs to imitate. Our young people do well on this Lincoln Centennial to offer their tribute of praise to the memory of this much tried servant of his country; they will do better when they exemplify in their own lives those sterling virtues, those qualities of mind and heart which did him honor, and by which they can best serve their day and generation.

William Overton, Principal of Central Falls High School.

Trained in the hard school of necessity, Lincoln developed under measureless responsibilities broad human sympathy in its highest sense and the divine virtue of unselfishness. These qualities, added to his wise judgment, made him such as he was—an instrument of God, brought forth to work out successfully the unification of the American people.

Charles A. Marsh, Principal of Bristol High School.

The best way in which we can carry on the work of Lincoln is to fight here and now in favor of Lincoln's ideal of government of the people, by the people—not the bosses—for the people—not the favored interests.

Louis L. Whitney, Principal of Cumberland High School.

In whatever light we may choose to consider Abraham Lincoln, we can hardly escape being impressed with what seems to underlie his whole work. It is his personality—strong, peculiar, dominating. Placed in a position where there was no precedent to guide him, surrounded by mediocre advisers, and in the very midst of treason itself, his laughter-wrinkled brow justly deserves the crown posterity so willingly places upon it.

Let Italy worship her Garibaldi, let France proudly shout the name of Napoleon, let Germany present her Bismarck, and let England point with pride to her Gladstone, while all true Americans, with one accord, sing the praise of that paragon of virtue who piloted our Ship of State from the whirlpool of slavery, around the bleak promontory of State's rights, and safely into the harbor of Unity.

Earl S. Lewis, Principal of Hope Valley High School of Hopkinton.

As each Grand Army Flag Day comes to you, it brings new lessons of love, loyalty, and patriotism for your country. This Flag Day of nineteen hundred and nine should be especially observed in honor of him who so nobly and fearlessly acted in accord with the inspiration of his soul, and at so great a sacrifice united the North and South of our beautiful land, because it is the one hundredth anniversary of his

birth. The day is best lived if it imbues in our youth the characteristics that so clearly shone from his life; and if you, like Lincoln, are true to your convictions and the leadership of your Heavenly Father, you will give your energies and influence to the advancement of the glorious country of which you are a part, and which you honor by the emblem of the red, white, and blue.

Albert B. Crandall, Principal of Ashaway High School of Hopkinton.

Lincoln's Interest in Youth.

Lincoln's interest in young people was shown in his visit to Providence in 1860. He made an address in behalf of the Republicans in the evening of February 28, 1860, at Railroad Hall, a part of the old station recently demolished. Campaign songs were sung by the "Du Dah Club," led by Col. William P. Blodgett and composed quite largely of students of Brown University. Lincoln was greatly interested in the singing and asked to meet the club after the meeting was over. He received us very cordially, and as he was to speak at Woonsocket on the evening of March 8th, he wanted us to go there to sing. Of course we agreed, and a car for us was attached to the special train. Before we reached Pawtucket, Lincoln came into our car and during the entire trip talked to us, and we sang to him. The committee in charge tried to get him into the other car, but he said, "Look here! I can see plenty of politicians every day, but I don't often get the chance to talk with college boys." So he stayed with us, to our great delight.

John H. Stiness, Ex-Chief Justice of the Supreme Court.

Visions of Lincoln.

Some one spoke the name of Lincoln,
And before me straightway rose
An ungainly, awkward woodsman,
Clad in common working clothes

Some one spoke the name of Lincoln,
And behold! a pageant fair
Streamed across a stately city.
And a President was there.

Some one spoke the name of Lincoln,
And before my vision rolled
Scenes of blood and awful battles
That on History's page are told.

Some one spoke the name of Lincoln,
And I saw a music hall,
Decked with flags and dense with people,
And a man the marked of all.

Some one spoke the name of Lincoln,
Hark! was that a pistol shot?
Did I see upon the carpet
Stains of blood, or but a blot?

Some one spoke the name of Lincoln,
Tolling bells rang in my ear,
And I saw a mourning nation,
Following a black-palld bier.

Some one spoke the name of Lincoln,
Rifted were the crystal skies,
And I saw a crowned Immortal
In the place called Paradise.

—*Susie M. Best.*

II.

TRIBUTES TO LINCOLN.

WHAT PRESIDENTS HAVE SAID OF LINCOLN.

"The grief of the nation is still fresh. It finds some solace in the consideration that he lived to enjoy the highest proof of its confidence by entering on the renewed term of the Chief Magistracy to which he has been elected."—*Johnson*.

"A man of great ability, pure patriotism, unselfish nature, full of forgiveness to his enemies, bearing malice toward none, he proved to be the man above all others for the great struggle through which the nation had to pass to place itself among the greatest in the family of nations. His fame will grow brighter as time passes and his great work is better understood."—*U. S. Grant*.

"To him, more than to any other man, the cause of the Union and liberty is indebted for its final triumph."—*Hayes*.

"He was one of the few great rulers whose wisdom increased with his power, and whose spirit grew gentler and tenderer as his triumphs were multiplied,"—*Garfield*.

"A supremely great and good man."—*Cleveland*.

"In the broad common-sense way in which he did small things, he was larger than any situation in which life had placed him."—*Harrison*.

"The story of this simple life is the story of a plain, honest, manly citizen, true patriot, and profound statesman, who, believing with all the strength of his mighty soul in the institutions of his country, won because of them the highest place in its government—then fell a precious sacrifice to the Union he held so dear, which Providence had spared his life long enough to save."—*McKinley*.

"Nothing was more noteworthy in all of Lincoln's character than the way in which he combined fealty to the loftiest ideal with a thoroughly practical capacity to achieve that ideal by practical methods. He did not war with phantoms; he did not struggle among the clouds; he faced facts; he endeavored to get the best results he could out of the warring forces with which he had to deal."—*Roosevelt*.

"Certain it is that we have never had a man in public life whose sense of duty was stronger, whose bearing toward those with whom he came in contact, whether his friends or political opponents, was characterized by a greater sense of fairness than Abraham Lincoln."—*President-Elect Taft*.

The Cenotaph.

(On the final burial of Lincoln at Springfield, April 14, 1887.)

And so they buried Lincoln? Strange and vain!
 Has any creature thought of Lincoln hid
 In any vault, 'neath any coffin-lid,
 In all the years since that wild spring of pain?
 'Tis false,—he never in the grave hath lain.
 You could not bury him although you slid
 Upon his clay the Cheops pyramid
 Or heaped it with the Rocky Mountain chain.
 They slew themselves; they but set Lincoln free.
 In all the earth his great heart beats as strong,
 Shall beat while pulses throb to chivalry
 And burn with hate of tyranny and wrong.
 Whoever will may find him, anywhere
 Save in the tomb. Not there,—he is not there!

—*James Thompson McKay.*

"The grave that receives the remains of Lincoln receives a costly sacrifice to the Union; the monument which will rise over his body will bear witness to the Union; his endearing memory will assist during countless ages to bind the States together and to incite to the love of our one undivided, indivisible country."—*George Bancroft.*

"Mothers shall teach his name to their lisping children. The youth of our land shall emulate his virtues. Statesmen shall study his record and learn lessons of wisdom. Mute though his lips be, yet they still speak. Hushed is his voice, but its echoes of liberty are ringing through the world, and the sons of bondage listen with joy."—*Matthew Simpson.*

"His name will ever be in the hearts of the American people, as green, as fresh, and as pleasant as is to the eyes the tender grass springing out of the earth by clear shining after rain."—*Gen. Morgan Dix.*

"He did not seek to say merely the thing that was for the day's debate, but the thing which would stand the test of time and square itself with eternal justice."—*James G. Blaine.*

"He spoke to all mankind words of patriotism, admonition, and pathos, which will continue to sound through the ages as long as the flowers shall bloom or the waters flow."—*Alexander H. Rice.*

"No man could have endured so much without some recreation, and humor was to him what a safety valve is to an engine."—*Hannibal Hamlin.*

"The unwavering faith in a Divine Providence began at his mother's knee, and ran like a thread of gold through all the inner experiences of his life."—*J. G. Holland.*

So always firmly he :
 He knew to bide his time,
 And can his fame abide,
 Still patient in his simple faith sublime,
 Till the wise years decide.
 Great captains, with their guns and drums,
 Disturb our judgment for the hour,
 But at last silence comes ;
 These all are gone, and, standing like a tower,
 Our children shall behold his fame,
 The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
 Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
 New birth of our new soil, the first American.

—*Lowell.*

"Studying his grammar by firelight of a log cabin when a boy, he addressed the senate and people from the capital of a great nation."—*James Freeman Clark.*

"He surpassed all orators in eloquence, all diplomatists in wisdom, all statesmen in foresight, and the most ambitious in fame."—*John J. Ingalls.*

"A poor, plain, simple, honest, laborious American life, with learning drained chiefly from nature, made him healthy, strong, self-reliant, calm, true, honest, brave, diligent, and developed all the true manlier qualities."—*Chas. M. Ellis.*

"He had the heart of the child and the intellect of a philosopher. A patriot without guile, a politician without cunning or selfishness, a statesman of practical sense rather than fine-spun theory."—*Andrew Sherman.*

"President Lincoln's Gettysburg Address was the highwater mark of American oratory."—*Thomas Wentworth Higginson.*

The form is vanished and the footsteps still,
 But from the silence Lincoln's answer thrills ;
 "Peace, charity, and love!" in all the world's best
 needs
 The master stands transfigured in his deeds.

—*Kate M. B. Sherwood.*

His towering figure, sharp and spare,
 Was with such nervous tension strung
 As if on each strained sinew swung
 The burden of a people's care.

His country saved, his work achieved,
 He boasted not of what he'd done,
 But rather in his goodness grieved
 For all sad hearts beneath the sun.

—*G. Martin.*

All the kindly grace,
 The tender love, the loyalty to truth,
 That flowed and mingle in the gentlest blood,
 Were met together in his blameless life.

—*Mary A. Ripley.*

From humble parentage and poverty, old Nature
 reared him,
 And the world beheld her ablest, noblest man;
 Few were his joys, many and terrible his trials,
 But grandly he met them as only truly great souls
 can !

Our nation's martyr—pure, honest, patient, tender—
 Thou who didst suffer agony e'en for the slave,
 Our flag's defender, our brave immortal teacher !
 I lay this humble tribute on thy honored grave.

—*Paul De Vere.*

O Captain! My Captain!

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done;
The ship has weathered every rack, the prize we
sought is won;
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all ex-
ulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim
and daring.

But, O heart! heart! heart!

O the bleeding drops of red,

Where on the deck my captain lies,

Fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor
will;
The ship is anchored safe and sound, its voyage closed
and done;
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with ob-
ject won.

Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells!

But I with mournful tread

Walk the deck—my Captain lies

Fallen cold and dead.

—Walt Whitman.

Abraham Lincoln.

On the day of his death, this simple Western attorney, who, according to one party, was a vulgar joker, and whom the *doctrinaires* among his own supporters accused of wanting every element of statesmanship, was the most absolute ruler in Christendom, and this solely by the hold his good-humored sagacity had laid on the hearts and understandings of his countrymen. Nor was this all, for it appeared that he had drawn the great majority, not only of his fellow-citizens, but of mankind also, to his side. So strong and so persuasive is honest manliness without a single quality of romance or unreal sentiment to help it! A civilian during times of the most captivating military achievement, awkward, with no skill in the lower technicalities of manners, he left behind him a fame beyond that of any conqueror, the memory of a grace higher than that of outward person, and of a gentlemanliness deeper than mere breeding. Never before that startled April morning did such multitudes of men shed tears for the death of one they had never seen, as if with him a friendly presence had been taken away from their lives, leaving them colder and darker. Never was funeral panegyric so eloquent as the silent look of sympathy which strangers exchanged when they met on that day. Their common manhood had lost a kinsman.—*Lowell*.

Yes, this is he who ruled a world of men
As might some prophet of the elder day,
Brooding above the tempest and the fray
With deep-eyed thought and more than mortal ken.
A power was his beyond the touch of art
Or armed strength: his pure and mighty heart.

—Richard W. Gilder.

To the Spirit of Abraham Lincoln.

(Reunion at Gettysburg, twenty-five years after the battle.)

Shade of our greatest, O look down to-day !
 Here the long, dread mid-summer battle roared,
 And brother in brother plunged the accursed sword;—
 Here foe meets foe once more in proud array
 Yet not as once to harry and to slay,
 But to strike hands, and with sublime accord
 Weep tears heroic for the souls that soared
 Quick from earth's carnage to the starry way.
 Each fought for what he deemed the people's good,
 And proved his bravery by his offered life,
 And sealed his honor with his out-poured blood,
 But the Eternal did direct the strife,
 And on this sacred field one patriot host,
 Now calls thee father—dear, majestic ghost !

—Gilder.

Recantation.

During all the four years of his presidency the "London Punch" had pursued Lincoln with a bitterness that did not halt short of the meanest abuse and slander. At his death, though, "Punch" made this manly recantation, one of the finest poems which the tragedy inspired.

" You lay a wreath on murdered Lincoln's bier,
 You, who with mocking pencil went to trace,
 Broad for the self-complacent British sneer,
 His length of shambling limb, his furrowed face,

" His gaunt, gnarled hands, his unkempt, bristling
 hair,
 His garb uncouth, his bearing ill at ease,
 His lack of all we prize as debonair,
 Of power or will to shine, of art to please;

" You, whose smart pen backed up the pencil's laugh,
 Judging each step as though the way were plain;
 Reckless, so it could point its paragraph,
 Of chief's perplexities or people's pain;

" Beside this corse, that bears for winding-sheet
 The Stars and Stripes he lived to rear anew,
 Between the mourners at his head and feet,
 Say, scurrile jester, is there room for you ?

" Yes; he had lived to shame me from my sneer,
 To lame my pencil, and confute my pen;
 To make me own this hind of princes peer,
 This rail-splitter true-born king of men.

" My shallow judgment I had learned to rue,
 Noting how to occasion's height he rose;
 How his quaint wit made home-truth seem more
 true;

How, iron-like, his temper grew by blows;

" How humble yet how hopeful he could be;
 How, in good-fortune and in ill, the same;
 Nor bitter in success, nor boastful he,
 Thirsty for gold, nor feverish for fame.

" He went about his work—such work as few
 Ever had laid on head and heart and hand—
 As one who knows, where there's a task to do,
 Man's honest will must Heaven's good grace
 command;

" The Old World and the New, from sea to sea,
 Utter one voice of sympathy and shame;
 Sore heart, so stopped when it at last beat high;
 Sad life, cut short just as its triumph came !"

Markham on Lincoln.

When the Norn Mother saw the Whirlwind Hour,
 Greatening and darkening as it hurried on,
 She bent the strenuous heavens and came down
 To make a man to meet the mortal need.
 She took the tried clay of the common road,
 Clay warm yet with the genial heat of earth,
 Dashed through it all a strain of prophecy;
 Then mixed a laughter with the serious stuff;
 It was the stuff to wear for centuries,
 A man that matched the mountains and compelled
 The stars to look our way and honor us.
 The color of the ground was in him, the red earth;

The tang and odor of the primal things;
 The rectitude and patience of the rocks;
 The gladness of the wind that shakes the corn;
 The courage of the bird that dares the sea;
 The justice of the rain that loves all leaves;
 The pity of the snow that hides all scars;
 The loving kindness of the wayside well;
 The tolerance and equity of light
 That gives as freely to the shrinking weed
 As to the great oak flaring to the wind—
 To the grave's low hill as to the Matterhorn
 That shoulders out the sky.

And so he came,

From prairie cabin up to Capitol,
 One fair ideal led our chieftain on.
 Forevermore he burned to do his deed
 With the fine stroke and gesture of a king.
 He built the rail pile, as he built the State,
 Pouring his splendid strength through every blow.
 The conscience of him testing every stroke,
 To make his deed the measure of a man.
 So came the captain with the mighty heart;
 And when the step of earthquake shook the house,
 Wrenching the rafters from their ancient hold,
 He held the ridgepole up, and spiked again
 The rafters of the Home. He held his place—
 Held the long purpose like a growing tree—
 Held on through blame and faltered not at praise.
 And when he fell in whirlwind, he went down
 As when a kingly cedar, green with boughs,
 Goes down with a great shout upon the hills.

This man, whose homely face you look upon,
 Was one of nature's masterful, great men;
 Born with strong arms that unfought victories won,
 Direct of speech and cunning with the pen,
 Chosen for large designs, he had the art
 Of winning with his humor, and he went
 Straight to his mark, which was the human heart;
 Wise, too, for what he could not break, he bent
 Upon his back, a more than Atlas' load,
 The burden of the Commonwealth was laid
 He stooped, and rose up with it, though the road
 Shot suddenly downwards, not a whit dismayed.
 Hold, warriors, counselors, kings! All now give place
 To this dead benefactor of the Race!

Fate struck the hour!
 A crisis hour of Time,
 The tocsin of a people clanging forth
 Thro' the wild South and thro' the startled North
 Called for a leader, master of his kind,
 Fearless and firm, with clear foreseeing mind;
 Who should not flinch from calumny or scorn,
 Who in the depth of night could ken the morn;
 Wielding a giant power
 Humbly, with faith sublime,
 God knew the man His sovereign grace had sealed;
 God touched the man, and Lincoln stood revealed!

—7. L. H.

—Richard Henry Stoddard.

III.

WORDS OF LINCOLN.

Liberty is your birthright,
Learn the laws and obey them.
Revolutionize through the ballot box.
I am nothing, but truth is everything.
I shall stay right here and do my duty.
Killing the dog does not cure the bite.
If I can learn God's will, I will do it.
My rightful masters, the American people.
The Union is older than any of the states.
As our case is new, so we must think anew.
Workingmen are the basis of all governments.
Trust to the good sense of the American people.
Mercy bears richer rewards than strict justice.
Keep the jewel of liberty in the family of freedom.
I am glad to find a man who can go ahead without me.
Give us a little more light, and a little less noise.
You must not give me the praise—it belongs to God.
Let the people know the truth, and the country is safe.
It is not best to swap horses while crossing a stream.
He sticks through thick and thin—I admire such a man.
Ballots are the rightful and peaceful successors of bullets.
With firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right.
You may say anything you like about me—if that will help.
It is not much in the nature of man to be driven to do anything.
Success does not so much depend on external help as on self-reliance.
It is better only sometimes to be right than at all times wrong.
I esteem foreigners as no better than other people—nor any worse.
If our sense of duty forbids, then let us stand by our sense of duty.
You must remember that some things legally right are not morally right.
No man is good enough to govern another man without that other's consent.
With public sentiment, nothing can fail; without it, nothing can succeed.
The strife of elections is but human nature applied to the facts of the case.

Labor is the superior of capital and deserves much the higher consideration.

This country, with all its institutions, belongs to the people who inhabit it.

No human counsel has devised, nor hath any mortal hand worked out, these great things.

When you have an elephant on hand, and he wants to run away, better let him run.

Gold is good in its place; but living, brave, and patriotic men are better than gold.

My experience and observation have been that those who promise the most do the least.

The face of an old friend is like a ray of sunshine through dark and gloomy clouds.

This government is expressly charged with the duty of providing for the general welfare.

It is a different rule, and so much the greater will be the honor if you perform it well.

Never mind if you are a count; you shall be treated with just as much consideration, for all that.

I remember my mother's prayers, and they have always followed me. They have clung to me all my life.

"I have made it the rule of my life," said the old parson, "not to cross Fox River until I get to it."

I have been driven many times to my knees by the overwhelming conviction that I had nowhere else to go.

I have said nothing but what I am willing to live by, and, if it be the pleasure of Almighty God, to die by.

Whatever is calculated to improve the condition of the honest, struggling, laboring man, I am for that thing.

I must stand with anybody that stands right; stand with him while he is right, and part with him when he goes wrong.

Those who deny freedom to others deserve it not for themselves; and, under a just God, cannot long retain it.

Without guile, and with pure purpose, let us renew our trust in God, and go forward without fear and with manly hearts.

Let us have faith that right makes might; and in that faith let us to the end dare to do our duty as we understand it.

Men are not flattered by being shown that there has been a difference of purpose between the Almighty and them.

If I send a man to buy a horse for me, I expect him to tell me his points—not how many hairs are in his tail.

I feel that I cannot succeed without the Divine blessing, and on the Almighty Being I place my reliance for support.

I implore the compassion and forgiveness of the Almighty, that He may enlighten the nation to know and to do His will.

I am not bound to win, but I am bound to be true. I am not bound to succeed, but I am bound to live up to what light I have.

Our government rests in public opinion. Whoever can change public opinion can change the government practically just so much.

It is difficult to make a man miserable while he feels he is worthy of himself and claims kindred to the great God who made him.

How nobly distinguished that people who shall have planted and nurtured both the political and moral freedom of their species.

Nothing stamped with the Divine image and likeness was sent into the world to be trodden on and degraded and imbruted by its fellows.

Why should there not be a patient confidence in the ultimate justice of the people? Is there a better or equal hope in the world?

It is easy to conceive that all these shades of opinion, and even more, may be sincerely entertained by honest and truthful men.

You can fool some of the people some of the time, or all of the people some of the time; but you can't fool all of the people all of the time.

It has been said of the world's history hitherto that "might makes right"; it is for us and for our times to reverse the maxim, and to show that right makes might.

It has long been a grave question whether any government, not too strong for the liberties of its people, can be strong enough to maintain its existence in great emergencies.

Any people anywhere, being inclined and having the power, have the right to rise up and shake off the existing government and form a new one that suits them better.

If all that has been said by orators and poets since the creation in praise of women were applied to the women of America, it would not do them full justice for their conduct during the war.

No men living are more worthy to be trusted than those who toil up from poverty—none less inclined to take, or touch, aught which they have not honestly earned.

Neither let us be slandered from our duty by false accusations against us, nor frightened by menaces of destruction to the government nor of dungeons to ourselves.

If it be true that the Lord has appointed me to do the work you have indicated, is it not probable that He would have communicated knowledge of the fact to me as well as to you?

If by the mere force of numbers a majority should deprive a minority of a constitutional right, it might in a moral point of view justify revolution—certainly would if such right were a vital one.

Two principles have stood face to face from the beginning of time and will ever continue to struggle. The one is the common right of humanity; the other is the divine right of kings.

The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature.

My countrymen, if you have been taught doctrines conflicting with the great landmarks of the Declaration of Independence; if you have listened to suggestions which would take away from its grandeur and mutilate the fair symmetry of its proportions; if you have been inclined to believe that all men are not created equal in those inalienable rights enumerated by our charter of liberty; let us entreat you to come back.

Great statesmen as they (the Fathers of the Republic) were, they knew the tendency of prosperity to breed tyrants, and so they established these great self-evident truths, that when in the future some men, some faction, some interest, should set up the doctrine that none but the rich men, none but the white men, or none but Anglo-Saxon white men were entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, their posterity might look up again to the Declaration of Independence and take courage to renew the battle which their fathers began, so that truth and justice and mercy and all the humane and Christian virtues might not be extinguished from the land; so that no man would hereafter dare to limit and circumscribe the great principles on which the temple of liberty was being built.

Lincoln's Farewell.

SPRINGFIELD, Feb. 11, 1861.

No one, not in my situation, can appreciate my feeling of sadness at this parting. To this place, and the kindness of these people, I owe everything. Here I have lived a quarter of a century, and have passed from a young to an old man. Here my children have been born, and one is buried. I now leave, not knowing when or whether ever I may return, with a task before me greater than that which rested upon Washington. Without the assistance of that Divine Being, who ever attended him, I cannot succeed. With that assistance, I cannot fail. Trusting in Him who can go with me, and remain with you, and be everywhere for good, let us confidently hope that all will yet be well. To His care commending you, as I hope in your prayers you will commend me, I bid you an affectionate farewell.

A Letter* of President Lincoln.

EXECUTIVE MANSION,

WASHINGTON, Nov. 21, 1864.

TO MRS. BIXBY, Boston, Mass.

DEAR MADAM:—I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant General of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any word of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the republic they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.

Yours very sincerely and respectfully, A. LINCOLN.

*This letter has been engrossed, framed, and hung in one of the halls of Oxford (England) University, as a specimen of the purest English and the most elegant diction extant.

Extract From Lincoln's First Inaugural.

[Delivered at Washington, March 4, 1861.]

A disruption of the Federal Union, heretofore only menaced, is now formidably attempted. I hold that in the contemplation of universal law and of the Constitution, the Union of these States is perpetual. Perpetuity is implied, if not expressed, in the fundamental law of all national governments. It is safe to assert that no government proper ever had a provision in its organic law for its own termination. Continue to execute all the express provisions of our National Constitution, and the Union will endure forever, it being impossible to destroy it except by some action not provided for in the instrument itself.

Again, if the United States be not a government proper, but an association of States in the nature of a contract merely, can it, as a contract, be peaceably unmade by less than all the parties who made it? One party to a contract may violate it—break it, so to speak; but does it not require all to lawfully rescind it? Descending from these general principles, we find the proposition, that in legal contemplation the Union is perpetual, confirmed by the history of the Union itself.

The Union is much older than the Constitution. It was formed, in fact, by the Articles of Association in 1774. It was matured and continued in the Declaration of Independence in 1776. It was further matured, and the faith of all the then thirteen States expressly plighted and engaged that it should be perpetual, by the Articles of the Confederation, in 1778; and finally, in 1787, one of the declared objects for ordaining and establishing the Constitution was to form a more perfect Union. But if the destruction of the Union by one or by a part only of the States be lawfully possible, the Union is less perfect than before, the Constitution having lost the vital element of perpetuity.

It follows from these views that no State, upon its own mere motion, can lawfully get out of the Union; that resolves and ordinances to that effect are legally void; and that acts of violence within any State or States against the authority of the United States are insurrectionary or revolutionary, according to circumstances.

I therefore consider that, in view of the Constitution and the laws, the Union is unbroken, and, to the extent of my ability, I shall take care, as the Constitution itself expressly enjoins upon me, that the laws of the Union shall be faithfully executed in all the States. Doing this, which I deem to be only a simple duty on my part, I shall perfectly perform it, so far as is practicable, unless my rightful masters, the American people, shall withhold the requisition, or in some authoritative manner direct the contrary.

Lincoln's Second Inaugural.

[Delivered at Washington, March 4, 1865. Characterized by Rhodes as "the greatest of presidential inaugurals, one of the noblest of state papers."]

FELLOW COUNTRYMEN: At this second appearing to take the oath of the Presidential office, there is less occasion for an extended address than there was at the first. Then a statement somewhat in detail of a course to be pursued seemed very fitting and proper. Now, at the expiration of four years, during which public declarations have been constantly called forth on every point and phase of the great contest which still absorbs the attention and engrosses the energies of the nation, little that is new could be presented.

The progress of our arms, upon which all else chiefly depends, is as well known to the public as to myself; and it is, I trust, reasonably satisfactory and encourag-

ing to all. With high hope for the future, no prediction in regard to it is ventured.

On the occasion corresponding to this, four years ago, all thoughts were anxiously directed to an impending civil war. All dreaded it; all sought to avoid it. While the inaugural address was being delivered from this place, devoted altogether to saving the Union without war, insurgent agents were in the city seeking to destroy it without war—seeking to dissolve the Union and divide the effects by negotiation. Both parties deprecated war; but one of them would make war rather than let the nation survive, and the other would accept war rather than let it perish; and the war came.

One eighth of the whole population were colored slaves, not distributed generally over the Union, but localized in the southern part of it. These slaves constituted a peculiar and powerful interest. All knew that this interest was somewhat the cause of the war. To strengthen, perpetuate, and extend this interest, was the object for which the insurgents would rend the Union, even by war, while the Government claimed no right to do more than to restrict the territorial enlargement of it.

Neither party expected for the war the magnitude or the duration which it has already attained. Neither anticipated that the cause of the conflict might cease with, or even before, the conflict itself should cease. Each looked for an easier triumph, and a result less fundamental and astounding.

Both read the same Bible and pray to the same God, and each invokes His aid against the other. It may seem strange that any men should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces; but let us judge not that we be not judged. The prayers of both could not be answered. That of neither has been answered fully.

The Almighty has His own purposes. "Woe unto the world because of offenses! for it must needs be that offenses come; but woe to that man by whom the offense cometh." If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of these offenses which in the providence of God must needs come, but which having continued through His appointed time He now wills to remove, and that He gives to both North and South this terrible war as the woe due to those by whom the offense came, shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to Him? Fondly do we hope,—ferently do we pray,—that this mighty scourge of war may soon pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondsman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid with another drawn with the sword,—as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, "The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

With malice towards none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right,—let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and orphans; to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and a lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations.

IV.

LIFE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

BY HORATIO B. KNOX.

Abraham Lincoln, a Virginia pioneer, had followed Daniel Boone over the Wilderness Road into the Dark and Bloody ground beyond the mountains. One morning, in the year 1784, with his three sons, Mordecai, Joseph, and Thomas, Abraham Lincoln was felling trees at the edge of his clearing. Suddenly the report of a rifle rang through the forest, and the father fell dead across the trunk of a tree which had just fallen beneath his axe. The elder brothers fled, leaving little Thomas alone with the body of his father. Mordecai reached the cabin, seized his rifle, and saw through a loophole in the logs a painted Indian, just stooping to raise the child from the ground. A well-directed shot brought the savage low, and the little boy thus released escaped in safety to the cabin. Thus begins, as it must end, in tragedy, all the story we have to tell of *the* Abraham Lincoln, the hundredth anniversary of whose birth we are celebrating; for that little Thomas lived to be the father of the martyred president.

Here is Theodore Roosevelt's picture of the Kentucky of those days: "Almost to the very doorsills of the rude cabins swept the solemn and mysterious forest. The sunlight could not penetrate the leafy canopy. Through the gray aisles of the forest men walked always in a kind of mid-day twilight. All that lay hidden within and beyond that wilderness none could tell. Men only knew that it was the home of the game they followed, and of the wild beasts that preyed upon their flocks, and that deep in its tangled depths lurked their red foes, sleepless, hawk-eyed, and wolf-hearted."

Twenty-two years after the tragedy which opens our story, when Thomas Lincoln married Nancy Hanks, Kentucky had changed somewhat. But there was no hint of future glory and greatness in the wedding and bringing home of this wilderness bride. Her husband brought her to a forest home about fifty miles south of Louisville, and there "he and she and want dwelt in a cabin fourteen feet square." Into this home, deep in the sombre shadow of the woods, came, on February 12, 1809, a baby boy, Abraham, you see, because he was to be the father of a great people.

When Abraham was seven years of age the family abandoned the Kentucky home for one more wretched in the dense forests of southern Indiana. Against the indescribable hardships of this new venture, early in October, 1818, Nancy Hanks Lincoln gave up the struggle. Abraham helped his father make a rude casket, and in a little opening in the forest they buried her who, all unconsciously, had blessed the world as perhaps only one other mother has since the dawn of time.

During the year that followed, the father and his motherless children sounded all the depths of misery. Then came a change for the better. Thomas Lincoln went to Kentucky and brought back a new mother for his Abraham and his sister. Sarah Bush Johnson became indeed a true mother to the forlorn little children of Nancy Hanks.

Thomas Lincoln developed sudden and unwonted energies. Before long glass windows went into the vacant frames, a door into the uncovered doorway, a good wooden floor lifted the cabin occupants from the damp ground, and warm clothing soon protected shivering little bodies from the icy blasts of an Indiana winter.

But the best thing Sarah Johnson did for young Abraham was to secure him a little schooling, about a year in all, to inspire him with a great ambition, and a resolute purpose to achieve success at any cost. How thus inspired and helped during the next ten years young Lincoln did a man's work in the field and forest by day, and at night, by the light of the cabin fire, read books borrowed far and wide, wrote and ciphered on the puncheon floor, the wooden fire shovel, or a piece of fence rail, and how meanwhile he attained a height of six feet four inches, and became famed for enormous feats of strength, is a story too long to tell here. These were the books he read: The Bible, Robinson Crusoe, Pilgrim's Progress, Æsop's Fables, a History of the United States, Weem's Life of Washington, a dictionary, and the Revised Statutes of Indiana.

Such was the boyhood background of the great president. Do not suppose for one instant that we are dealing with an unnatural youth or a heaven-born genius. The only genius Lincoln ever knew was the genius for hard work. He differed from other boys only in his resolute purpose to succeed, and his willingness to pay the price of success.

By another family migration, Lincoln, at the age of twenty years, became a citizen of Illinois, that noble state which in the day of fate gave still another of her sons to lead to victory the armies of the republic, Ulysses S. Grant.

Than the life of Lincoln, during the years immediately following his twenty-first birthday, nothing could be less prophetic of greatness. He worked as a flat-boatman, at 50 cents per day; he clerked in a store, he studied surveying, he failed in a general store of his own. But, thriftless as he seemed, somehow, all this time, he was gaining the esteem, confidence, and affection of every man, woman, and child in the county, and was even then known far and wide as "Honest Abe."

Even before his grocery business had "winked out," as he said, Lincoln had been studying law, and was at length admitted to the bar, and began practice in Springfield, Ill. From about 1835 his life is an open book. This is not the place to tell of his great career—how he was repeatedly elected to the legislature, how as a lawyer on circuit he became a familiar and welcome figure in every county of Illinois; how he became famous for absolute integrity, sound judgment, and rugged common sense, as well as for a certain quaint wit and humor which made him the delight of the judge, the jury, or the crowd. Lincoln

soon became leader of his party in the State. In 1846 he was elected to Congress. Ten years later his wonderful debate with Stephen A. Douglas, in a contest for a United States senatorship from Illinois, indeed failed to gain the immediate prize, but gave him a national reputation, which eventually won for him the nomination and election to the presidency. Of the four years of blood and fire that followed, a thousand books are full. Our own fathers can tell us of the spasm of agony that swept the nation's heart-strings at the awful tragedy which closed the scene.

Abraham Lincoln fell by the assassin's bullet in April, 1865, in the midst of national rejoicings at the return of peace. He was but fifty-six years of age; but he had lived long enough to save the great republic, to set free a nation of slaves, and to prove for all time that, in America at least, there is no birth so humble, and no circumstances so adverse, as to prevent manliness, industry, and integrity from reaching the highest positions of honor and of service.

Lincoln's Autobiography.

I was born February 12, 1809, in Hardin County, Kentucky. My parents were both born in Virginia, of undistinguished families—second families, perhaps I should say. My mother, who died in my tenth year, was of a family of the name of Hanks, some of whom now reside in Adams, and others in Macon County, Illinois. My paternal grandfather, Abraham Lincoln, emigrated from Rockingham County, Virginia, to Kentucky about 1781 or 1782, where a year or two later he was killed by the Indians, not in battle, but by stealth, when he was laboring to open a farm in the forest. His ancestors, who were Quakers, went to Virginia from Berks County, Pennsylvania. An effort to identify them with the New England family of the same name ended in nothing more definite than a similarity of Christian names in both families, such as Enoch, Levi, Mordecai, Solomon, Abraham, and the like.

My father, at the death of his father, was but six years of age, and he grew up literally without education. He removed from Kentucky to what is now Spencer County, Indiana, in my eighth year. We reached our new home about the time the State came into the Union. It was a wild region, with many bears and other wild animals still in the woods. There I grew up. There were some schools, so-called, but no qualification was ever required of a teacher beyond "readin', writin', and cipherin'" to the rule of three. If a straggler supposed to understand Latin happened to sojourn in the neighborhood he was looked upon as a wizard. There was absolutely nothing to excite ambition for education. Of course, when I came of age I did not know much. Still, somehow, I could read, write, and cipher to the rule of three, but that was all. I have not been to school since. The little advance I now have upon this store of education I have picked up from time to time under pressure of necessity.

I was raised to farm work, which I continued till I was twenty-one. At twenty-one I came to Illinois, Macon County. Then I got to New Salem, at that time in Sangamon, now in Menard, County, where I remained a year as a sort of clerk in a

store. Then came the Black Hawk war, and I was elected captain of volunteers, a success which gave me more pleasure than any I have had since. I went into the campaign, was elated, ran for the legislature the same year (1832), and was beaten—the only time I have ever been beaten by the people. The next and three succeeding biennial elections I was elected to the legislature. I was not a candidate afterward. During this legislative period I had studied law, and removed to Springfield to practice it. In 1846 I was once elected to the lower House of Congress. Was not a candidate for re-election. From 1849 to 1854, both inclusive, practiced law more assiduously than ever before. Always a Whig in politics; and generally on the Whig electoral tickets, making active canvasses. I was losing interest in politics when the repeal of the Missouri compromise aroused me again. What I have done since that is pretty well known.

If any personal description of me is thought desirable, it may be said I am, in height, six feet four inches, nearly; lean in flesh, weighing on an average one hundred and eighty pounds; dark complexion, with coarse black hair and gray eyes. No other marks or brands recollected.

Yours truly,

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Springfield, December 20, 1859.

When the compiler of the Dictionary of Congress was preparing that work for publication in 1858, he sent Mr. Lincoln the usual request for a sketch of his life, to which he received, in June of that year, the following reply:

Born February 12, 1809, in Hardin County, Kentucky.

Education defective.

Profession. a lawyer.

Have been a captain of volunteers in Black Hawk War.

Postmaster at a very small office.

Four times a member of the Illinois legislature, and was a member of the lower House of Congress.

Yours, etc.,

A. LINCOLN.

V.

LINCOLN'S FAVORITE POEMS.

Immortality.

Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift, fleeting meteor—a fast-flying cloud—
A flash of the lightning—a break of the wave
He passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around, and together be laid;
And the young, and the old, and the low, and the high,
Shall moulder to dust and together shall lie.

The infant, a mother attended and loved;
The mother, that infant's affection who proved;
The father, that mother and infant who blest—
Each, all, are away to their dwellings of rest.

The maid on whose brow, on whose cheek, in whose
eye,
Shone beauty and pleasure—her triumphs are by;
And alike from the minds of the living erased
Are the memories of those who loved her and praised.

The hand of the king, that the sceptre hath borne,
The brow of the priest, that the mitre hath worn,
The eye of the sage, and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant, whose lot was to sow and to reap;
The herdsman, who climbed with his goats up the
steep;
The beggar, who wandered in search of his bread;
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint, who enjoyed the communion of heaven;
The sinner, who dared to remain unforgiven;
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes, like the flower or weed
That withers away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same our fathers have been;
We see the same sights our fathers have seen;
We drink the same stream, we view the same sun,
And run the same course our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers did think;
From the death we are shrinking our fathers did
shrink;
To the life we are clinging our fathers did cling—
But it speeds from us all like a bird on the wing.

They loved—but the story we cannot unfold;
They scorned—but the heart of the haughty is cold;
They grieved—but no wail from their slumbers will
come;
They enjoyed—but the tongue of their gladness is
dumb.

They died—ay! they died—we things that are now,
That walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
And make in their dwellings a transient abode,
Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage
road.

Yea, hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
Are mingled together in sunshine and rain;
And the smile and the tear, the song and the dirge,
Still follow each other, like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death;
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud—
Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud!

—William Knox.

The Last Leaf.

I saw him once before,
As he passed by the door.
And again
The pavement stones resound,
As he totters o'er the ground,
With his cane.

They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning-knife of time
Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the crier on his round
Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets
Sad and wan,
And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
"They are gone."

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has prest
In their bloom,
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said —
Poor old lady, she is dead
Long ago —
That he had a Roman nose.
And his cheek was like a rose
In the snow.

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
Like a staff,
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh.

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here;
But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches, and all that,
Are so queer!

If I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring,
Let them smile, as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling.

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

Your Mission.

Lincoln's Favorite Hymn.

If you cannot on the ocean
Sail among the swiftest fleet,
Rocking on the highest billows,
Laughing at the storms you meet,
You can stand among the sailors,
Anchored yet within the bay,
You can lend a hand to help them
As they launch their boats away.

If you are too weak to journey
Up the mountain steep and high,
You can stand within the valley
While the multitudes go by;
You can chant in happy measure
As they slowly pass along;
Though they may forget the singer,
They will not forget the song.

If you have not gold and silver,
Ever ready to command,
If you cannot to the needy
Reach an ever open hand,

You can visit the afflicted,
O'er the erring you can weep,
You can be a true disciple,
Sitting at the Saviour's feet.

If you cannot in the conflict
Prove yourself a soldier true,
If where smoke and fire are thickest
There's no work for you to do,
When the battlefield is silent
You can go with careful tread,
You can bear away the wounded,
You can cover up the dead.

Do not then stand idly waiting
For some greater work to do;
Fortune is a lazy goddess—
She will never come to you;
Go and toil in any vineyard,
Do not fear to do or dare,
If you want a field of labor
You can find it anywhere.

—*E. H. Gates.*

(May be sung to the tune "Come Thou Fount of Every Blessing")

VI.

STORIES OF LINCOLN.

An Incident of the War.

It is told that when the Civil War was raging, and men were falling by thousands, Abraham Lincoln would often go into the hospitals in Washington and talk with the wounded, sometimes the dying. One evening he stopped at the bed of a young soldier just brought in, who had lost both legs in a recent battle. "Is there anything I can do for you?" asked the tender-hearted President. "Yes," said the young man faintly. "Will you write a letter to my father and mother, and tell them that I died at my post of duty?" He wrote the letter, and beneath it the words, "This letter was written by Abraham Lincoln," and gave it to the young man, who read it. Looking up into his face, he asked, "Are you the President?" "Yes, is there anything else I can do for you?" The dying youth smiled, and said, "You might stay and see me through." President Lincoln drew his chair closer, took the weak hand in his own, and held it until the end. He saw him through.

 Lincoln's Magnanimity.

Upon the second day of the decisive battle of Gettysburg President Lincoln wrote an official order, as Commander in Chief, to General Meade, the Union commander, directing him to intercept Lee's retreat and give him another battle. The general had been in command of the army but five or six days, and as his predecessors had been much criticised for failures, the President knew he would be cautious about risking a battle after having gained one. He sent the order by a special messenger, with a private note saying that this seemed to him to be the thing to do, but that he would leave it to the ultimate decision of the military commander on the ground. The official order was not a matter of record, and he said need not be. If Meade would undertake the movement, and it was successful, he need say nothing about it. If it failed, he could publish the order immediately. In other words: "Go ahead. Make an heroic attempt to annihilate that army in its disheartened state and before it can recross the river. If the attempt succeeds, you take the glory of it; and if it fails I will take the responsibility of it."

A clergyman, calling at the White House, in speaking of the war said to the President, "I hope the Lord is on our side."

"I am not at all concerned about that," replied Lincoln, "for I know that the Lord is *always* on the side of the *right*. But it is my constant anxiety and prayer that I and this nation should be on the Lord's side."

Several months before President Lincoln issued the great proclamation of emancipation which gave freedom to the whole race of negro slaves in America, writes Adlai Stevenson in the *Woman's World*, my friend, Senator Henderson, of Missouri, came to the White House one day and found Mr. Lincoln in a mood of deepest depression. Finally, the great President said to his caller and friend that the most constant and acute pressure was being brought upon him by the leaders of the radical element of his party to free the slaves.

"Sumner and Stevens and Wilson simply haunt me," declared Mr. Lincoln, "with their importunities for a proclamation of emancipation. Wherever I go and whatever way I turn they are on my trail. And still, in my heart, I have the deep conviction that the hour has not yet come."

Just as he said this, he walked to the window looking out upon Pennsylvania avenue and stood there in silence, his tall figure silhouetted against the list of the window pane, every line of it, and of his gracious face, expressive of unutterable sadness. Suddenly his lips began to twitch into a smile and his somber eyes lighted with a twinkle of something like mirth.

"The only schooling I ever had, Henderson," he remarked, "was in a log school-house when reading books and grammars were unknown. All our reading was done from the Scriptures, and we stood up in a long line and read in turn from the Bible. Our lesson one day was the story of the faithful Israelites who were thrown into the fiery furnace and delivered by the hand of the Lord without so much as the smell of fire upon their garments. It fell to one little fellow to read the verse in which occurred, for the first time in the chapter, the names of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego. Little Bud stumbled on Shadrach, floundered on Meshach, and went all to pieces on Abed-nego. Instantly the hand of the master dealt him a cuff on the side of the head and left him wailing and blubbering as the next boy in line took up the reading. But before the girl at the end of the line had done reading he had subsided into snuffles and finally became quiet. His blunder and disgrace were forgotten by the others of the class until his turn was approaching to read again. Then, like a thunderclap out of a clear sky, he set up a wail that even alarmed the master, who, with rather unusual gentleness, inquired:

"What's the matter now?"

"Pointing with a shaking finger at the verse which a few moments later would fall to him to read, Bud managed to quaver out the answer:

"Look there, marster—there comes them same three fellers agin!"

Then his whole face lighted with such a smile as only Lincoln could give, and he beckoned Senator Henderson to his side, silently pointing his long, bony finger to three men who were at that moment crossing Pennsylvania avenue toward the door of the White House. They were Sumner, Wilson, and Thaddeus Stevens.

It is stated that a gentleman from a northern city entered Mr. Lincoln's private office in the spring of 1862, and earnestly requested a pass to Richmond. "A pass to Richmond!" exclaimed the President. "Why, my dear sir, if I should give you one it would do you no good. You may think it very strange, but there's a lot of fellows between here and Richmond who either can't read or are prejudiced against every man who totes a pass from me. I have given McClellan and more than 200,000 others passes to Richmond, and not one of them has yet gotten there!"

At a levee at the White House, during President Lincoln's term, the Russian Ambassador stood talking to the President, when the President asked him this question: "Would you have taken me for an American if you had met me anywhere else than in this country?"

"No," said the distinguished Muscovite, who, like old Abe, was a bit of a wag, "I should have taken you for a Pole."

"So I am," exclaimed the President, straightening himself up to his full attitude, "and a liberty Pole at that."

General Horace Porter, in his eulogy of Abraham Lincoln, said that the great war President wasn't much as a champagne drinker. The General recalled a visit of Mr. Lincoln to City Point. On his arrival the General said that Mr. Lincoln was suffering from the gastronomic disturbances incident to most folks who have sailed on rough water. "A young staff officer, very previous, he was," said the General, "grabbed a bottle of champagne and thrust it towards Mr. Lincoln, saying that that was the very thing he needed. 'No, young man,' Mr. Lincoln said, 'I have seen too many fellows seasick ashore from drinking that very article.'"

During the rebellion an Austrian count applied to President Lincoln for a position in the army. Being introduced by the Austrian minister, he needed, of course, no further recommendation; but, as if fearing that his importance might not be duly appreciated, he proceeded to explain that he was a count; that his family were ancient and highly respectable; when Lincoln, with a merry twinkle in his eye, tapping the aristocratic lover of titles on the shoulder, in a fatherly way, as if the man had confessed to some wrong, interrupted in a soothing tone, "Never mind; you shall be treated with just as much consideration for all that."

In one of his campaign speeches Lincoln was interrupted by some one in the audience who, thinking to humiliate him by reminding the people of his poverty, called out in the midst of his speech: "Mr. Lincoln, is it true that you entered this State barefooted, driving a yoke of oxen?" After a pause, the speaker replied that he thought he could prove the fact by at least a dozen men in the crowd, any one of whom was more respectable than his questioner.

In Springfield a prominent citizen and legislator named Forquer had built himself a new house upon which he had set up a lightning-rod, the only one in that part of the world. This man had recently deserted the Whig party and become a Democrat, and his disloyalty to his former principles had just been rewarded by appointment to an office that brought him a good income, but cost him the respect of many of his former associates. Lincoln's friend, Speed, tells how, after one of Lincoln's campaign speeches, Forquer asked leave to be heard. He commenced by saying that the young man, Lincoln, would have to be "taken down," and that he was sorry the task had fallen to him. He went on to answer Lincoln's speech in a way that showed how much older and wiser he thought himself than the young upstart whose ambition it had become his duty to rebuke. Lincoln waited until Forquer had finished, but his flashing eye showed that he did not intend to accept such treatment meekly. He closed his reply to Forquer by saying: "The gentleman has seen fit to allude to my being a young man; but he forgets that I am older in years than I am in the tricks and trades of politicians. I desire to live, and I desire place and distinction; but I would rather die now, than, like the gentleman, live to see the day that I would change my politics for an office worth three thousand dollars a year, and then feel compelled to erect a lightning-rod to protect a guilty conscience from an offended God."

Here (in Indiana), for another year, the mother suffered from the exposure for which she was so little fitted and against which she was so ill-protected. Then came a dread disease which struck down people and cattle alike. From this plague, there being no physician within thirty miles to care for her, Nancy Lincoln died. Father and son cut down a tree, and out of the green timber built a rough box for her burial. In the woods near by they made her a grave and laid her to rest.

Not long before this, cousins had come from Kentucky to live near them. Some of these cousins also died of the plague, and so there were other graves to dig, and strange boxes for the boy to help fashion. The children became familiar with the mystery of death. Nancy and Abe were now eleven and nine years old, too young to know how to make the home comfortable, and too lonely to keep up the father's spirits. It seemed impossible for the disheartened man to give them proper clothing and food. The cabin continued doorless and windowless and forlorn.

Abe was a most affectionate child, and the idea of leaving the dead mother alone in those dreadful woods, with no religious service, and no prayer except the unexpressed cry from his own heart, was more than he could bear. In some way he had learned to write a fair hand. He painfully wrote out a letter and gave it to a traveler into Kentucky, to be delivered, whenever he could be found, to the missionary preacher, David Elkin, who had been their friend years before. Many months afterward the good preacher found his way to the settlement on Little Pigeon Creek and preached the funeral sermon by the grave of Nancy Hanks Lincoln, paying to her memory the tribute of praise that the little boy had hungered to hear. To this service came women, on horseback, from neighboring settlements, carrying their children on the saddle-bow, while the men trudged beside them through the woods. And from that day these neighbors kept in their friendly sympathy the serious, odd-looking boy, understanding his sorrow and wondering what dreams there were in the depths of his mysterious eyes.

God make us worthy of the memory of Abraham Lincoln.

—Phillips Brooks.

VII.

STORY OF A LINCOLN PORTRAIT.

The Lincoln portrait appearing as the frontispiece in this issue of the Flag Day Annual was produced from an ante-presidential photograph of Lincoln, which is described in the following sketch as "Portrait, No. 1." The copyright of this photograph is owned by George B. Ayres, 4048 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, to whom we are indebted for courteous permission to reproduce "the most literal and characteristic" likeness of the real Lincoln.

"When Abraham Lincoln was first nominated for the Presidency, by the Republican National Convention, assembled in Chicago, May 16th, 1860, there was an immediate demand for his picture.

"Responding to this, his Chicago friends, early in June following, commissioned their most competent photographer to visit Mr. Lincoln at Springfield, Ill. (his home), and obtain the desired negative of the coming President.

"The great nominee was a little surprised at the photographer's call, remarking that he 'could not see why any one wanted a picture of his ugly face; but he would sit to please his friends, if they wished it.'

"The photographer's visit resulted in obtaining *two* negatives, both now in my possession; and these are, so far as known, *the only original* ante-presidential *negatives* in existence!

"When proofs of the sittings were shown to Mr. Lincoln afterwards, he selected the picture—now my portrait No. 1—which has met with such popular favor, saying: 'Well, *that expresses me better than any I have seen.* If it pleases the people, I am satisfied.'

"Just here it may be stated, that the second negative—now my Portrait No. 2—contained some technical defects, which at that time prevented obtaining satisfactory proofs from it; but modern processes have solved the difficulty, and given us prints whereby we obtain a *new* revelation in Lincoln portraiture.

"In 1866 I became proprietor of the old and well-known Hesler Gallery—located at No. 113 Lake street, between Clark and Dearborn streets, which was at that time the centre-point of old Chicago's shopping business. It was in this Gallery I discovered my Lincoln negatives.

"The process by which negatives were obtained in those early days of photography is designated 'Wet Plate'—in contradistinction to the 'Dry Plate' method in use today. Every photographer was obliged to prepare his own plates, fresh for each sitting; and the negatives had to be taken at once, while the plate was 'wet.' Nowadays the photographer buys his 'dry plates' all ready for use, and he is not handicapped by any one of the drawbacks which afflicted his ancient brother.

"Reminiscent of the old 'wet plate' process, the 'ragged edge' which borders the background of my photographs is *purposely retained*, in confirmation of their being produced from these original 'wet plate' negatives.

"In the old order of things, *Economy* was assiduously practiced by using the glass plates several times over. Hence it was customary to overhaul the stored negatives from time to time, and weed out such as might be deemed of no further use or value. Then, by subjecting them to an acid bath, that cleaned off the collodion film with which the plate had been coated, fresh glass was obtained for new work.

"It was while once engaged in culling out these obsolete negatives, I came upon the priceless ones I now have of Abraham Lincoln. They had been shelved for many years, and somehow had fortunately escaped consignment to the acid pot. The discovery was not wholly a surprise to me, as prints from them were among the familiar specimen-pictures hanging in the gallery. Nor had I any feeling of special interest in them apart from the fact that they were *old* negatives of a famous Illinois lawyer who had become President. I did not attach any particular value to them as likenesses, because I had never before seen any representation of President Lincoln without a beard! nor was his portrait then known to the country at large as here given with a shaven face.

"However, I laid the negatives aside—probably for future consideration—and I have no recollection of anything more concerning the disposal of them at that time. But it is not unlikely that the universal grief owing to the President's tragic death, which at that time enshrouded the heart of the nation, induced me to wrap them up and include them among my personal effects, simply as mementos of the lamented Lincoln.

"In June, 1867, I sold the Gallery, removed to Buffalo, and afterwards to Philadelphia. Singularly, the Gallery was burned out within five weeks after my departure, and The Great Fire, which destroyed the entire city, occurred October 9, 1871. Thus, by my timely removal, the Lincoln negatives happily escaped destruction. The sequel shows that I 'builded better than I knew.'

"These negatives remained among my effects—'out of sight, out of mind'—forgotten. But the appearance of a *beardless* picture of Lincoln in *Harper's Magazine* reminded me of the photographic relics I had laid up a score of years before. Bringing the negatives to light again, I furnished a print from my No. 1 to those competent Lincolnians, Messrs. John Hay and John G. Nicolay—who were then associated with *The Century* magazine—and who subsequently chose it for the leading portrait (frontispiece) of their great historical life of Lincoln, which first appeared in *The Century*, November, 1886.

"The idea of offering this ante-presidential likeness to the public in general did not, however, commend itself to me until about seven years more had passed. Then the extraordinary revival of interest in the personality of ABRAHAM LINCOLN, our martyr-president, throughout the whole country induced me to publish it.

"To-day these negatives—the first ones taken after he was marked out for the work and martyrdom that rendered him immortal—stand pre-eminent in having received the approval of Mr. Lincoln himself and his closest friends; and I am confident in believing that these 'counterfeit presentments'—which I was enabled, providentially, to secure to the American people—will continue in all the future to be the accepted, true, and indisputable portraits of the great and grand original."

Lincoln Portraits for Schools.

The life of Lincoln is a rich heritage for the public schools of the Republic. To our children he is the highest type of American our country has produced and the truest ideal of American manhood for the inspiration of right conduct. He holds a place of honor in our schools and his likeness may worthily adorn the walls of every schoolroom.

In those schools not having a portrait of Lincoln, perhaps the observance of the Lincoln Centenary will prompt efforts to obtain one. In the selection of a portrait it may be of value to know that the one from which the frontispiece was produced may be obtained in large sizes, 14 x 17 inches and 22 x 28 inches. That this portrait has the approval of the Department of Education is shown by the selection of it for the Flag Day annual.

VIII.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

A Select Reading List.

Compiled for the "Lincoln Centenary" of the New York Education Department.

Works.

- LINCOLN, ABRAHAM. Speeches. (See Schurz, Carl. Abraham Lincoln. Riverside lit. ser. no. 133 and 132, p. 37-88.)
- First inaugural address, March 4, 1861. (See Johnston, Alexander, ed. Representative American orations. N. Y. 1888. v. 3, p. 141-63.)
- Gettysburg address. (See Johnston, Alexander, ed. Representative American orations. N. Y. 1888. v. 3, p. 243-44.)
- Second inaugural address, March 4, 1865. (See Johnston, Alexander, ed. Representative American orations. N. Y. 1888. v. 3, p. 245-48.)

Biographies.

- BINNS, H. B. Abraham Lincoln. 379 p. D. N. Y. 1907. Dutton, \$1.50. (Temple biographies.) A valuable presentation, by an Englishman, of the life and character of the man; not a history of America during his time.
- HAPGOOD, NORMAN. Abraham Lincoln, the man of the people. 450 p. D. N. Y. 1899. Macmillan, \$2. Attempts to portray the man with absolute honesty, setting forth faults and shortcomings together with fine and strong characteristics.
- MORSE, J. T., JR. Abraham Lincoln, 2 v. D. Boston, 1895. Houghton, \$2.50. (American statesmen.) Best brief life of Lincoln.
- NICOLAY, JOHN G. A short life of Abraham Lincoln. 578 p. O. N. Y. 1902. Century, \$2.40. Condensed from Nicolay & Hay's Abraham Lincoln, a history in 10 volumes.
- ROTHSCHILD, ALONZO. Lincoln, master of men; a study in character. 531 p. O. Bost. 1906. Houghton, \$3. Interesting and brilliant study from a point of view heretofore little emphasized.
- TARBELL, I. M. & DAVIS, J. MCC. The early life of Abraham Lincoln. 240 p. O. N. Y. 1896. McClure, \$1. Trustworthy, sympathetic account, with good illustrations.

Biographies for younger readers.

- BROOKS, NOAH. Abraham Lincoln; a biography for young people. 476 p. D. N. Y. 1888. Putnam, \$1.75. (Boys' and girls' lib. of American biography, v. 3.)
- COFFIN, C. C. Abraham Lincoln. 542 p. O. N. Y. 1893. Harper, \$3. Strong points are its readableness, its happy selection of matter likely to be of general interest, and the numerous good illustrations.
- MORGAN, JAMES. Abraham Lincoln, the boy and the man. 435 p. D. N. Y. 1908. Macmillan, \$1.50. Straightforward, simple story of Lincoln's life.
- NICOLAY, HELEN. The boy's life of Lincoln. 307 p. D. N. Y. 1906. Century, \$1.50. Based upon Nicolay & Hay's life. For upper grades. Originally published in St. Nicholas, v. 33-34, Nov. 1895-Nov. 1906.
- SPARHAWK, F. C. A life of Lincoln for boys. 328 p. D. N. Y. 1907. Crowell, 75c. Easily understood by children of 12 and older.
- STODDARD, W. O. The boy Lincoln. 248 p. D. N. Y. 1905. Appleton, \$1.50.

Poetry about Lincoln.

- BRYANT, W. C. The death of Lincoln. (See his poetical works. Household ed. 1895, p. 316.)
- CARY, PHOEBE. Our good president. (See Cary, Alice & Phoebe. Poetical works. 1891. p. 309-10.)
- HOLMES, O. W. For the services in memory of Lincoln. Boston, June, 1865. (See his Complete poetical works. Cambridge ed. 1895, p. 208.)

- HOWE, M. A. DEW. *Memory of Lincoln. Poems selected, with an introduction.* 82 p. S. Boston, 1899. Small, \$1.
- LARCOM, LUCY. *Lincoln's passing bell.* (See her poetical works. 1884, p. 103.)
- LOWELL, J. R. *Extract from the Commemoration ode.* (See his *Poetical works.* Household ed. 1890, p. 398.)
- STEDMAN, E. C. *Hand of Lincoln.* (See his *Poems now first collected.* 1897, p. 5; also *Outlook*, v. 88, p. 259-60, Feb. 1, 1908.)
- STEVENSON, B. E. & STEVENSON, E. B. *Comp. Lincoln's birthday.* (See their *Days and deeds.* N. Y. 1906. p. 193-98. Baker, \$1.) A collection of poems relating to American holidays and great Americans; particularly useful for special day programs.
- WHITMAN, WALT. *Memories of President Lincoln.* (See his *Leaves of grass.* 1899, p. 255-63.)
- *O captain! my captain!* (See Stedman, E. C. *American anthology.* 1900. p. 231-32; also, Wiggin, K. D. & Smith, N. A. *Golden numbers.* 1903, p. 323-24.)

Prose.

- ANDREWS, MRS. M. R. (SHIPMAN). *Perfect tribute.* 47 p. D. N. Y. 1906. Scribner, 50c. (See also Scribner, v. 40, p. 17-24, July, 1906.) A story about Lincoln's Gettysburg speech, charmingly written, though not historically accurate.
- EMERSON, R. W. *Remarks at the funeral service held in Concord, April 19, 1865.* (See his *complete works.* 1892, v. 11, p. 307-15; see also Schurz, Carl. *Abraham Lincoln, an essay,* 1871-99, p. 77-83. *Riverside lit. ser. no. 133.*)
- LOWELL, J. R. *Abraham Lincoln.* (See his *My study window.* 1893, p. 150-77; see also Schurz, Carl. *Abraham Lincoln.* 1871-99, *Riverside lit. ser. no. 133* and *132* p. 7-36).
- SCHURZ, CARL. *Abraham Lincoln, an essay; the Gettysburg speech and other papers by Abraham Lincoln; together with testimonies by Emerson, Whittier, Holmes and Lowell,* 98 p. D. Bost. 1871-99. Houghton, 40c. (*Riverside lit. ser. no. 133* and *132*). A collection of the most noteworthy brief tributes to Lincoln, together with his best speeches; most useful single volume of Lincoln material for school use.
- TARBELL, I. M. *He knew Lincoln.* 40 p. D. N. Y. 1907. McClure, 50c. (See also *American magazine*, Feb., 1907.) An illiterate country storekeeper talks about Lincoln in a way that gives a faithful picture and that will appeal to every kind of reader.

TENTING ON THE OLD CAMP GROUND.

WALTER KITTREDGE.

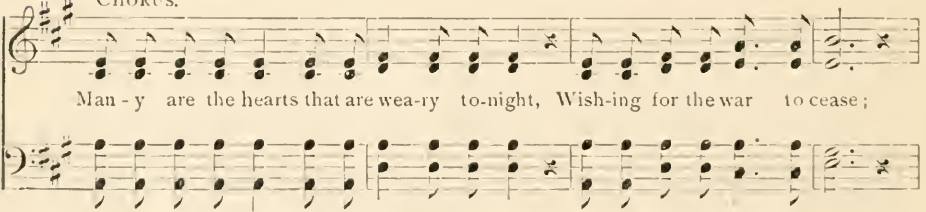


1. We're tent-ing to-night on the old camp ground, Give us a song to cheer Our
2. We've been tenting to-night on the old camp ground, Thinking of days gone by, Of the
3. We are tired of war on the old camp ground, Man - y are dead and gone, Of the
4. We've been fighting to-night on the old camp ground, Man-y are ly - ing near; Some

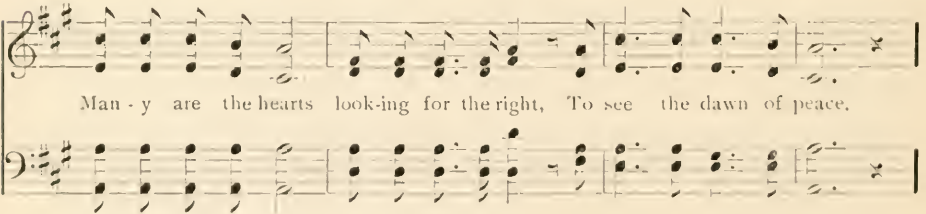


wea - ry hearts, a song of home. And friends we love so dear,
 loved ones at home that gave us the hand, And the tear that said "good - bye."
 brave and true who've left their homes, Oth - ers been wound-ed long,
 are dead and some are dy - ing, Man - y the fall - ing tear.

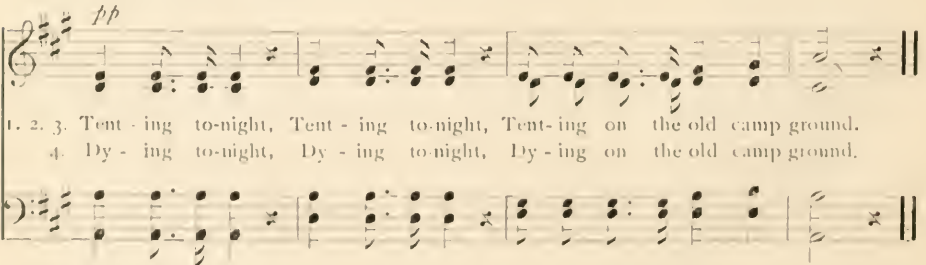
CHORUS.



Man - y are the hearts that are wea-ry to-night, Wish-ing for the war to cease;



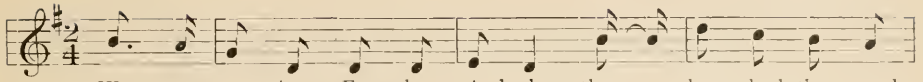
Man - y are the hearts look-ing for the right, To see the dawn of peace.



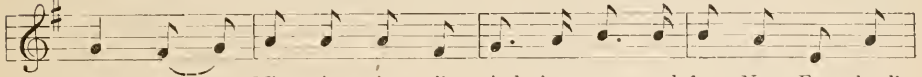
1. 2. 3. Tent - ing to-night, Tent - ing to-night, Tent-ing on the old camp ground.
4. Dy - ing to-night, Dy - ing to-night, Dy - ing on the old camp ground.

WE ARE COMING, FATHER ABRAHAM.

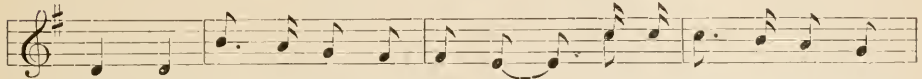
L. O. EMERSON



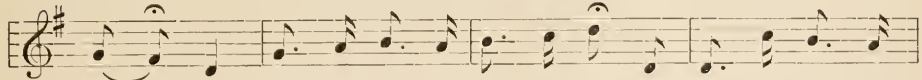
1. We are com - ing, Fa - ther A - braham, three hun - dred thou - sand
 2. If you look a - cross the hill - tops that meet the north - ern
 3. If you look all up our val - leys where the grow - ing har - vests
 4. You have called us and we're com - ing, by Richmond's blood - y



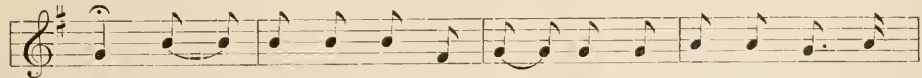
more, From Mis - sis - sip - pi's wind - ing stream and from New Eng - land's
 sky, Long mov - ing lines of ris - ing dust your vi - sion may des -
 shine, You may see our sturd - y farm - er boys fast fall - ing in - to
 tide, To lay us down, for Free - dom's sake, our broth - ers' bones be -



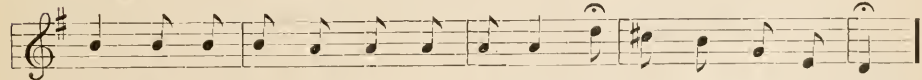
shore; We leave our plows and work - shops, our wives and chil - dren
 cry; And now the wind, an in - stant, tears the cloud - y veil a -
 line; And chil - dren from their moth - ers' knees are pull - ing at the
 side, Or from foul trea - son's sav - age grasp to wrench the mur - derous



dear, With hearts too full for ut - ter - ance, with but a si - lent
 side, And floats a - loft our span - gled flag in glo - ry and in
 weeds, And learn - ing how to reap and sow a - gainst their coun - try's
 blade, And in the face of for - eign foes its frag - ments to pa -



tear; We dare not look be - hind us, but stead - fast - ly be -
 pride, And bay - nets in the sunlight gleam, and bands brave mu - sic
 needs; And a fare - well group stands weep - ing at ev - 'ry cot - tage
 rade. Six hun - dred thou - sand loy - al men and true have gone be -



fore; We are com - ing, Fa - ther A - braham, three hun - dred thou - sand more.
 pour; We are com - ing, Fa - ther A - braham, three hun - dred thou - sand more.
 door; We are com - ing, Fa - ther A - braham, three hun - dred thou - sand more.
 fore; We are com - ing, Fa - ther A - braham, three hun - dred thou - sand more.

CHORUS



We are com - ing, we are com - ing, our Un - ion to re - store, We are

Lincoln's call for three hundred thousand volunteers brought out the above poem. It was an inspiration in every Union camp, at every recruiting station and in every city and hamlet in the north.

WE ARE COMING, FATHER ABRAHAM.



com - ing, Fa - ther A - braham, with three hun - dred thou - sand more; We are
cres.

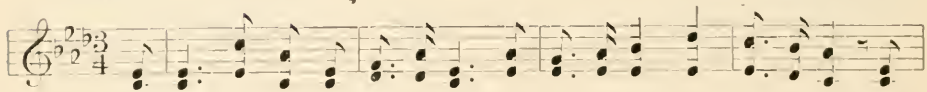


com - ing, Fa - ther A - braham, with three hun - dred thou - sand more.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

BRYANT

IGNAZ HEIM



1. Oh slow to smite and swift to spare, Gen - tle and mer - ci - ful and just | Who,
 2. Thy task is done; the bond are free; We bear thee to an honor'd grave, Whose



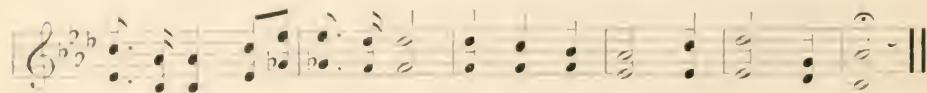
in the fear of God didst bear The sword of power, a na - tion's trust! In
 proud - est mon - u - ment shall be The bro - ken fet - ters of the slave. Pure



sor - row by thy bier we stand, A - mid the awe that hush - es all, And
 was thy life; its blood - y close Hath placed thee with the sons of light, A -



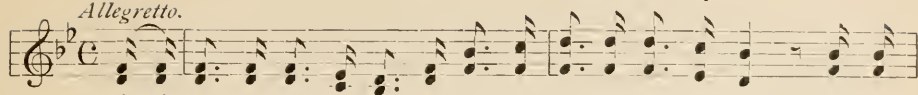
speak the an - guish of a land That shook with hor - ror at thy fall; And
 mong the no - ble host of those Who per - ished in the cause of right; A -



speak the an - guish of a land That shook with hor - ror at thy fall.
 mong the no - ble host of those Who per - ished in the cause of right.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

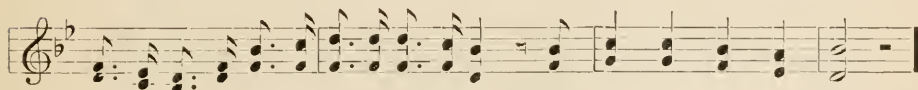
JULIA W. HOWE.

Allegretto.

1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord ; He is
2. I have seen Him in the watch - fires of a hun - dred cir - cling camps ; They have
3. I have read a fie - ry gos - pel, writ in burnished rows of steel ; " As ye
4. He has sounded forth the trum - pet that shall nev - er call re - treat ; He is
5. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies, Christ was born a - cross the sea, With a



trampling out the vin - tage where the grapes of wrath are stored ; He hath loosed the
 build - ed Him an al - tar in the eve - ning dews and damps ; I can read His
 deal with my con - tem - ners, so with you my grace shall deal ; Let the He - ro,
 sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore His judg - ment seat ; Oh, be swift, my
 glo - ry in His bo - som that trans - fig - ures you and me ; As He died to

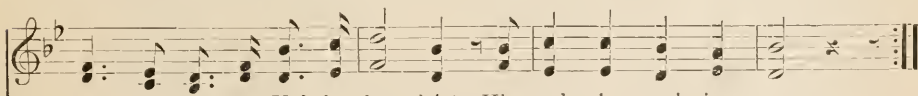


fate - ful lightning of His ter - ri - ble swift sword, His truth is march - ing on.
 right - eous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps, His day is march - ing on.
 born of wo - man, crush the serpent with his heel, Since God is march - ing on."
 soul, to an - swer Him! be ju - bi - lant, my feet! Our God is march - ing on.
 make men ho - ly, let us die to make men free, While God is march - ing on.

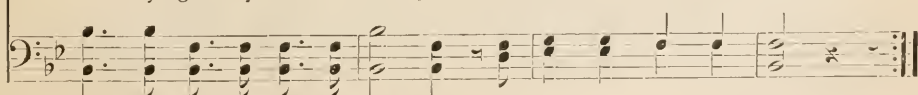
FULL CHORUS.



Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah!



Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! His truth is march - ing on.



NOTE. This song was inspired by a visit of Mrs. Howe to the "Circling Camps" around Washington, gathered for the defence of the Capital, early in the War of 1861-5. Songs of the Nation.

IN PEACE

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

FRIEND OF MAN, SERVANT OF GOD

THE NATION HIS MOURNER
THE COUNTRY HIS MONUMENT

(An inscription on a marble monument among the symbols of mourning in the Church of the Incarnation in New York, on the death of Lincoln in April, 1865.)

FOURSCORE AND SEVEN YEARS AGO OUR FATHERS BROUGHT
FORTH ON THIS CONTINENT A NEW NATION, CONCEIVED
IN LIBERTY, AND DEDICATED TO THE PROPOSITION THAT
ALL MEN ARE CREATED EQUAL. NOW WE ARE ENGAGED
IN A GREAT CIVIL WAR, TESTING WHETHER THAT NATION,
OR ANY NATION SO CONCEIVED AND SO DEDICATED, CAN
LONG ENDURE. WE ARE MET ON A GREAT BATTLEFIELD OF
THAT WAR. WE HAVE COME TO DEDICATE A PORTION
OF THAT FIELD AS A FINAL RESTING PLACE FOR THOSE
WHO HERE GAVE THEIR LIVES THAT THAT NATION MIGHT
LIVE. IT IS ALTOGETHER FITTING AND PROPER THAT WE
SHOULD DO THIS. BUT IN A LARGER SENSE, WE CAN
NOT DEDICATE—WE CANNOT CONSECRATE—WE CANNOT
HALLOW—THIS GROUND. THE BRAVE MEN, LIVING
AND DEAD, WHO STRUGGLED HERE HAVE CONSECRATED
IT FAR ABOVE OUR POOR POWER TO ADD OR DETRACT.
THE WORLD WILL LITTLE NOTE NOR LONG REMEMBER
WHAT WE SAY HERE, BUT IT CAN NEVER FORGET WHAT
THEY DID HERE. IT IS FOR US, THE LIVING, RATHER,
TO BE DEDICATED HERE TO THE UNFINISHED WORK WHICH
THEY WHO FOUGHT HERE HAVE THUS FAR SO NOBLY ADV-
ANCED. IT IS RATHER FOR US TO BE HERE DEDICATED
TO THE GREAT TASK REMAINING BEFORE US—THAT FROM
THESE HONORED DEAD WE TAKE INCREASED DEVOTION
TO THAT CAUSE FOR WHICH THEY GAVE THE LAST FULL
MEASURE OF DEVOTION. THAT WE HERE HIGHLY RESOLVE
THAT THESE DEAD SHALL NOT HAVE DIED IN VAIN;
THAT THIS NATION, UNDER GOD, SHALL HAVE A NEW
BIRTH OF FREEDOM; AND THAT GOVERNMENT OF THE
PEOPLE, BY THE PEOPLE, FOR THE PEOPLE, SHALL NOT
PERISH FROM THE EARTH.

Abraham Lincoln

almost



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